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Contents

EDITORIALS:
- Combating Radicalism 402
- The Bankers and the Debts 403
- Cutting Off Our Man-Power 404

THESE UNITED STATES—XIV. WISCONSIN: A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Zona Gale 405

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN. By J. Ramsay MacDonald 408

DELIVERANCE. By Gwendolen Haste 409

THE MOON SHINES ON CHANG-CHUNG. By William Evans 410

AN APPEAL FOR TWO NEW PARTIES. By Frank A. Munsey 411

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 411

CORRESPONDENCE 412

IN THE CHESS CLUB. By Ben Ray Redman 415

I WAS THINKING. By Hilda Conkling 415

BOOKS:
- Captives and Heroes. By J. W. Krutch 416
- The American Revolution. By Robert Livingston Schuyler 416
- John Bull's Jester. By Alfred S. Dashiell 417
- A Voice in the Wilderness. By Hermann Lutz 418
- Books in Brief 418

MUSIC:
- The Salzburg Festival. By Henrietta Straus 419

DRAMA:
- Concerning Faith. By Ludwig Lewisohn 420

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- A Protest from Venezuela 421
- Why Haiti Had No Elections 422

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK
CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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"THE finest gathering in the character and spirit of the audience and the quality, significance, and courage of the address which has been held in Chicago since the war"—thus is described to us Senator Borah's recent meeting on behalf of amnesty for our political prisoners and the recognition by the United States of the Soviet Government of Russia. The largest hall in Chicago could not hold the crowds who desired to hear this man who, by his outspokenness and his steadfast adherence to American principles, has become the moral and intellectual leader of the Senate. But even he did not receive the tribute paid to Jane Addams from the audience which rose to cheer one who, abused and misrepresented, has never flinched in her advocacy of peace and progressive principles. Some of Senator Borah's remarks ought to be put upon the walls of every courtroom and every mayor's office in America:

Instead of persecuting men with ideas to express we should hire halls for them. Their patriotism would prevent trouble.

We must remember that after all the real master under the United States flag is public opinion, and when we try to curb that we try to destroy our government.

The Constitution has left Congress with no power to abridge free speech, much less deny it. Yet there has sprung up a vicious doctrine that when war comes Congress can violate the Constitution in the heat of passion and deny Americans their rights.

Congress did this in the espionage law and officials did it in preventing free speech. This doctrine is treasonable and diabolical and leads to anarchy and despotism.

Yet there are people who wonder when a trained reporter of public affairs like Mark Sullivan declares that Senator Borah has never been so powerful as today.

AGAIN we owe warm thanks to Secretary Hughes, this time for his prompt refusal to be stampeded into a warlike attitude over the Near Eastern situation. To a bishop clamoring for blood Mr. Hughes replied emphatically that our Government had done all it could to urge the Kemalist Government to protect the inhabitants of the occupied districts against reprisals and had exerted its influence against "all acts of cruelty and oppression." The Secretary of State then went on to give the bishop a little lesson in American constitutional government by adding that "the Executive has no authority to go beyond this and there has been no action by Congress which would justify this Government in an attempt by armed forces to pacify the Near East or engage in acts of war in order to accomplish the results you desire . . ."! This should tame even a bloodthirsty bishop, and there is evidence in a telegram from the Massachusetts Federation of Churches to Mr. Hughes, in which it is expressly stated that the attitude of the churches is "completely misunderstood when it is assumed that the firm stand which they took implies appeal to arms," that Mr. Hughes's straightforward words have had their proper effect. We are happy to record, too, that President Harding is planning to cooperate earnestly with the Near East Relief through a governmental committee headed by Will H. Hays.

LLOYD GEORGE has weathered so many political storms that one becomes hardened to storm signals set against him. He has been seventeen years in office and eight years Prime Minister. That is not a record in English history but it is a record in contemporary politics. Undoubtedly his facile opportunism, preaching this and doing that today, and tomorrow preaching still another doctrine and treading yet another path, has smoothed England's way in these shifting post-war years, but it has sadly lowered the political standards of his country and the world. Now he seems caught in a trap of his own making. The Conservative Party, which would replace his Coalition if he fell, has no other Turkish policy than his own, but it profits by the political wizard's own political ineptitude. Apparently Lloyd George and Winston Churchill alone prepared the manifesto breathing blood against the Turks which set Europe by the ears. The Cabinet was not consulted. Lord Curzon's dignity was outraged; and the reins of foreign policy have been in his gloved hands ever since. Lloyd George is debited with the conflict with France; Curzon with negotiating the new agreement. If there be war Lloyd George will rightly bear the blame; if there be peace Lord Curzon will get the credit. As we write peace seems probable. The British ultimatums are forgotten; the

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Turks are apparently to have Eastern Thrace within a month, subject only to certain face-saving restrictions. The Allies have met the Turk as an equal. England has suffered one of the greatest diplomatic humiliations in her recent history, with much resultant loss of prestige among the darker-skinned races. Even Mr. Urquhart's oil concessions in Russia are imperiled by Mr. Lloyd George's casual diplomacy. No wonder the Welshman is "in Dutch."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY'S made-to-order opinion that American ships whether owned by private persons or by the government shall not carry liquor, and that foreign ships shall likewise not be allowed to bring in liquor even under lock and key, creates a situation which will still further arouse public opinion against extremes in prohibition. The decision as to American ships we think just and entirely consistent with the letter and spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment. How the government could continue to dispense liquors on government-owned ships paid for by American taxpayers when those taxpayers are themselves forbidden the use of liquors we have not been able to see. But that this decision will have serious effects upon our passenger ships we cannot doubt. Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board has repeatedly stated that he believes it impossible to keep our ships on the high seas if they have to compete with foreign ships dispensing liquors to passengers. That is one reason why we have to regard Mr. Daugherty's decision as to foreign vessels with suspicion. It is precisely the decision which some officials might desire if the Government had to yield to the demand that our own ships be "dry." That it will, however, make bad blood cannot be denied, for it is enforcing upon foreign vessels an American opinion as to what is right in a social matter. The decision will strengthen the Canadian lines, and we shall perhaps see the absurd spectacle of the ocean greyhounds stopping to put their surplus stock on a tender three miles at sea. Altogether, and especially since this ruling covers our outlying possessions, it is fraught with far-reaching mischief. Congress should act on this as soon as it reassembles.

THIS same tendency to meddle in other people's affairs appears in Mr. Lasker's continuing efforts to obtain Congressional approval of his plan to compel 50 per cent of all immigrants to come to America upon American ships. Nothing could be more certain to cause international friction and to lead to immediate retaliation. The excuse for this also is that if not done it would become impossible for American ships to stay in the carrying trade. More than 90 per cent of the Italian immigrants come to these shores in Italian vessels. If half their trade—elaborately and most intelligently supervised by their government to conform to our immigration laws—is compelled to travel in American ships the Italians would be perfectly within their rights in requiring half of the American tourists who wish to visit Italy to take passage under the Italian flag. If the same thing should happen on the English lines with their enormous traffic conditions would be almost chaotic. But aside from all that, who ever heard before of one nation passing a law to control and direct the embarkation in their home ports of the citizens of another country? It looks as if our shipping lords in Washington not only wish to embroil us with other nations, but are deliberately planning to increase the hatred of us which Senator Caraway reports.

SENATOR CARAWAY is not a heavy-weight but he startled Washington on his return from Europe by the frankness of his utterances on the European situation. The New York press even declares that this outspokenness marks the end of the policy of speaking delicately about our Allies, and that when Congress meets again we shall have an outburst of criticism. As for the Senator's own remarks, they have carried weight because they are the truth. "The ruling passions abroad," he declared, "are hatred, bitterness, and jealousy. France hates England and England hates her, but most of all France hates America. In fact they all hate America, which is used by the politicians as the goat for the blame for anything and everything that goes wrong." France he declared "an absolute menace to peace," and the best service we could render her would be to tell her that "we are perfectly willing to stand a reasonable amount of abuse from local politicians to cover up their own failures . . . but we expect France to cut down her military establishments, bring her expenses within her revenues, and pay her debt to the United States. There is no sense in this country carrying Europe and then letting Europe spend its money to keep thousands of soldiers in uniform." "I hope," he added, "that someone will tell Clemenceau when he comes here how thoroughly France misunderstands America." Someone surely ought to tell M. Clemenceau that this opinion is that of the bulk of the American people and that there is no hope of a remission of debts until France does disarm.

THE announcement of the $16,000,000 Republic of Haiti loan flotation by the National City Company—part of an authorized $40,000,000—marks a tragic station in Haiti's long Calvary. Here is a debt illegally forced on a helpless people, serving no legitimate economic need of the Haitians, imposing a burden beyond their capacity to pay, and designed to strengthen the strangle-hold which our financial interests, with the aid of the American Navy, have gained in that formerly independent republic. Ever since the brutal assault upon Haiti, perpetrated under Mr. Wilson and perpetuated by the Harding Administration, was given the "pitiless publicity" which the coiner of the phrase preached but did not practice, the race between a growing public opinion in this country and the imposition of a loan has been on. Why? Because our military conquest, our tearing down of Haitian institutions, far-reaching as they were, could be undone by the mere stroke of the pen, by the order of an honorable President or even Secretary of State. Not a shadow of legality justifies our tenure in Haiti. But with the imposition of a loan, with the further involvement of American financial interests, with the mortgaging for perhaps a half century of all Haitian resources, the eggs will have been scrambled.

FROM now on we shall hear it piously said: "Of course, we cannot withdraw now for there is the obligation to the bondholders." Well, the prospective bondholders, and the bankers, and the Administration at Washington, have been amply warned. For the past year even the most rigorous martial law, arrests, imprisonment, heavy fines have been unable to still the widespread demonstrations against the loan in Haiti. Haitian newspapers have reiterated that if the loan were imposed it would be imposed by duress against the will of the entire Haitian people who would repudiate it if they were given an instant of liberty. *The Nation* adds its own warning. It considers any contract

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now entered into by the American military occupation, acting through the dummy Haitian government, as fraudulent and not binding. It will continue to fight unceasingly for the cleansing of our shame in Haiti, for unconditional withdrawal of American civil and military occupation, and for the repudiation of this debt which ought rather to be debited against America than against poor Haiti.

ITALY'S Fascisti are getting to be an international nuisance. Having burned trade-union headquarters and smashed Socialist newspaper offices up and down old Italy they are now sending armed bands into Italia Irredenta and announce an intention to wipe out the Socialists in Trieste. Other groups have decided that the Tyrol frontier, far as it is in German-speaking territory, is not far enough and loudly proclaim their intention of seeing that it is changed. Still others, hearing of "indignities" to Italian travelers at Innsbruck, plan a reprisal raid upon that city. We suspect that the word "Fascisti" has become in Italy rather like the words "Ku Klux Klan" and "American Legion" in this country—often a convenient label for any kind of young rowdies who find it preferable to disguise their lawlessness by some such pseudopatriotic catchword. Meanwhile the new Italian Cabinet announces that it will take no repressive measures against the Fascisti; it will in fact adopt the Fascist program. The Fascisti can do about as they please; the Socialists have just exposed their incapacity by going through another split—whenever the Italian Socialists approach power they seem fated to divide. Such real hope as there is in the Italian situation seems to lie in the attempt of some of the saner Fascist leaders to form an alliance with the masses in the less radical labor unions.

WALTER DURANTY, correspondent of the New York *Times* in Moscow, has been sending to that newspaper the fairest, best-informed, and most illuminating cables that have been coming out of the soviet capital. But the New York composition of Russian news in that paper continues. For instance, it featured in a recent number of its Sunday Book Review and Magazine an article signed by Sir Paul Dukes, "formerly head of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia," purporting to be a letter, dated March 3, from Karl Radek, chief of the soviet publicity bureau, to a friend in Vienna, which Sir Paul says he received from another Allied "Intelligence Bureau" in Berlin. It is plainly a forgery, and Sir Paul Dukes ought to have known it to be such. The purpose of publication of the letter is plainly to give the impression that Radek, Litvinov, and others were feathering their own financial nests in Western Europe. But Radek, while he was in Moscow on March 3, had left Berlin February 15 and returned there March 20; he would hardly be writing to Vienna, as Sir Paul suggests, to have a friend there report upon his business in Leipzig. Trotzky, who had been particularly busy in Moscow just prior to March 3, making speeches reported even in the New York *Times*, is reported in this curious letter as "running away down South." Djerzinski, who was in Siberia in the same period, is said in one paragraph to have too much influence over Lenin, in another to be behind Lenin's bitterest enemies within his party, the "Workers' Opposition" led by Alexandra Kollontai. In short, the letter is not only obviously forgery, but stupid and ignorant forgery.

PROBABLY Governor Hardwick wished to honor the millions of women voters and quite evidently he meant to do honor to Mrs. Felton when he chose her to be America's first woman Senator, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Watson. Of Mrs. Felton, a nice, bespectacled, grandmotherly, eighty-seven-year-old campaigner in State politics, he said: "She is wise even beyond her years, and is glorious in the sunset of a splendid and useful life." Mrs. Felton was as generous in expressing her gratitude at having been placed "in the ranks of the most exalted body in the known world." It might seem ironic that the South, which was so impervious to the woman suffrage campaign, should be first to name a woman Senator. But the cause of all this gracious exchange of amenities is that the Governor has appointed Mrs. Felton to an office which she will never really fill, since the Senate is not now in session and will not be until after Election Day, when her successor, a mere man, will be chosen: surely the most back-handed compliment women voters, in a long history of reverses, have ever received.

FEMINISTS of the articulate variety sometimes rather preen themselves on doing new things; and when they are not boasting of it they are being abused for it. But half the time they are merely reverting to the busy-ness of their grandmothers; and tenement mothers who go out to work every day could tell them a great deal about careers for women that is at least as old a story as the machine industry. Most of the latest wrinkles in cooperative apartments and cooperative housekeeping were more or less forced on East Side families long ago. And now Hannah Pickering, doing relief work with the Quakers in Poland, sends back the following conversation with a Polish peasant woman, showing that even the Lucy Stone League would be old stuff to the Old World:

> "What is your name?" "Anna Sakuta." "What is your husband's name?" "Philip." "Are there any others in your family?" "I have two sisters." "What are their names?" "Nadia and Vera Sakuta." "Then they are your husband's sisters?" "No, they are mine." "But their name is Sakuta and your husband's name is Sakuta." "No, my husband's name is Moroz. When I married him he came to live on my land, the cow and the house were mine; he gave nothing. Why should I take his name?"

THE Yanks are at bat. There are two out; Babe Ruth is up. The growling roar which makes the stands at the Polo Grounds sound a little like the lion house at the Zoo dies away. The Bambino has another chance to retrieve his title of "King of Clout" and "Sultan of Swat." Nehf winds up and lets go a fast high one. The Babe scornfully gives it the once-over. "Ball one!" Cries of "Atta baby" from all parts. Nehf winds up again. Ruth swings as only he can—and misses. A howl of derision. Nehf smiles and shoots a straight ball over the outside corner. Ruth lets it go. "Strike two!" More howls from the stands. "He's the champion of Hoboken, he is," yells one fan. "Rotten," shouts another, with the originality of the baseball crowd. "Put in a pinch hitter," yelps a third. Nehf shoots another drop at the mighty hitter; Ruth strikes out. Hoots and jeers and catcalls. Ruth bows in mock acknowledgment. . . . Why should anyone care about war or peace, or the Turks or Thrace, or Republicans or Democrats, or labor or capital, or any other solemn subject when the World's Championship Series is on?

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Combating Radicalism

ONCE more is America saved. The New York State Chamber of Commerce has formally accepted and approved the original idea advanced by one of its committees that not only must every alien on arriving in this country be finger-printed but every American citizen as well. Only by taking the thumb-marks of some hundred and fifteen millions can our Government "make difficult the evasion (*sic*) of clever and dangerous aliens sent here for the purpose of spreading discontent among the unassimilated elements of our population." It is a peculiarly American conception, this proposal, in its far-reaching character and in the magnitude of the task it calls for. We can readily visualize a twenty-million-dollar storehouse of millions of finger-prints in the city of Washington; it will also be a circulating library at the service of all chiefs of police in their search for the ten or fifteen aliens who merit the description of "clever and dangerous" while duly engaged in the pleasant pastime of "evasion." Again we can readily fancy that the army of officials necessary to finger-print us all and, what is more, to see to it that, as the Chamber desires, we each and every one of us carry our identification thumb-print with us in pocket-book or stocking, will speedily exceed in numbers the army of the "dry" enforcers. But where the safety of our beloved Republic is at stake what good and loyal American would shrink from spending five hundred millions a year for national life insurance through finger-printing? Of course, as the Chamber will surely be quick to point out, the work has already begun. Any number of officials of illegal combinations in tile and plumbing and other building materials, most of them members of chambers of commerce, are, having been convicted, already finger-printed. Looking at it from this point of view even radicals, we are sure, will say: "Let the good work go on."

We call attention to this interesting proposal today because it is fresh evidence of the fact that our terrible fear of radicalism has not yet waned. Radicals have reason to be the most conceited people in America. They are, if one may judge by the voting, but a handful; yet all America trembles. The Boston *Transcript*, for instance, is printing a series of lurid articles about the red peril, from which it appears, if you please, that Harvard the conservative has already been bored from within and is really a hotbed of socialism and anarchy. Through the meetings of the American Bankers Association just held in New York this note of dread has clearly run. Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the owner of the New York *Herald* and the New York *Sun*, whose views on the need of two new parties in this country we print elsewhere in this issue, spoke to the bankers of the "rising tide of radicalism" and assured them that "America is worth saving," and that "if it is saved it will be saved by you and by men like you." Plainly America rocks upon her foundations. Moreover, throughout the country our local governmental authorities by unscrupulous and illegal acts continue to give evidence that they are still in a state of nerves. The outrageous treatment of William Z. Foster; the arrest of men simply because they took part in a Communist meeting in Michigan; the repeated arrests of dozens of men (nineteen at Taft, California, on September 8) merely because they are members of the I. W. W.; the forbidding by the mayor of Lowell of a meeting in behalf of one big union—these are fresh proofs that our authorities are steadily proceeding, because of hysteria, to treat radical movements as the Czarist authorities treated them in Russia and the Kaiser's in Germany, and are therefore strengthening them and driving them underground. From almost every State, from every nook and cranny, come reports of this constant, deliberate, and brutal abuse of authority, the violation of law by duly constituted officials.

With these abuses of trust, with these gross infidelities to the American covenant, we are very much afraid most of the bankers in Mr. Munsey's audience were in complete sympathy. The toleration of the Ku Klux Klan, the deadness of the country in the face of the appalling number of lynchings and burnings, the applause for any official who boasts that he put some radicals "out of business" and "don't care" if he "had no law for it"—these indicate clearly both that violence is the god of the hour (Mr. Munsey said of the labor unions: "We shall meet force with force") and that the ruling classes have not the faintest idea how really to combat radicalism. Let *The Nation* tell it to them straight: The greatest friends and sponsors of the radical movement are these officials who make of the Constitution a scrap of paper, who abuse, browbeat, and subject to all the tortures and indignities of the "third degree" any hapless persons whom they drag into their nets. *Finger-printed?* Why, if all the officials of this country who have violated its laws in spirit and letter of late years were finger-printed we should be a long way toward realizing the ideal of the New York Chamber of Commerce. But these chambers and their committees, who are so sadly devoid of any sense of humor as to bring in such laughable reports, this Society for the Preservation of the Constitution, those ardent disciples of Americanism who call themselves "Sentinels of the Republic" fail to see that they are going at their tasks from the wrong end, that if they want really to stamp out what they loosely call radicalism—by which they mean any and all discontent with life in America as it is—the first people they ought to get after are men like Governor Allen of Kansas and judges like Judge Anderson in Indianapolis and Judge Wilkerson in Chicago who, wrapped in authority, deliberately subvert American rights. When Governor Allen appeared before the bankers to defend that muzzling of the press in Kansas against which William Allen White so admirably protested, he ought to have been booed off the platform. For such advocates of arbitrary governmental interference with the daily life and basic rights of workingmen are worth more than a dozen W. Z. Fosters to the radical movement in America.

No, the only way to combat radicalism is to give the square deal to all American citizens and primarily to those whom we so patronizingly call the "unassimilated." It is because some Americans know that the multitudes are exploited through tariffs and endless other forms of special privilege and legalized robbery that there is a tide of revolt rising in America—though not along the lines our self-constituted saviors of society dread. Let all "Sentinels of the Republic" take notice: It is not the foreigner who comes over here to make trouble who is to be feared. The dangerous enemies of the Republic are home born and home bred. They are to be found in every chamber of commerce and in many a bank and trust company—and finger-printing would reach them not at all.

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The Bankers and the Debts

MR. REGINALD McKENNA'S speech at the bankers' convention was a statesmanlike address. It was conceived in the finest spirit of British world-outlook, unmarred by the tricky kind of imperial disingenuousness which made the Balfour note so futile a piece of stupid statecraft. When Britons come forward frankly saying "We can pay our debts and we will begin to do so at once, but we ask you on this side of the water to realize that our continental allies are not so strong as we and cannot pay; we ask nothing for ourselves, but we do ask you to take an oar for the sake of Europe and the world," then Americans listen with kindlier ears. Let not Europeans be deceived, however, by the friendly reception of Mr. McKenna's remarks by the bankers; the United States is still a long, long way from pulling any such oar as he asks. The mass of the country is solidly against canceling so much as a dollar even of the Rumanian or Jugoslav or Liberian debt to the United States. The bankers do not yet make American opinion overnight. The effect of this bankers' congress, however, may be far-reaching. It has brought the country bankers in touch with the New York bankers, and doubtless the broader view of world affairs taken by the bankers of the great Atlantic seaport will be better understood throughout the country as a result, and the subtle influence of financial opinion will permeate American business life.

The Nation does not often find itself in such agreement with the bankers as on this matter of American policy toward Europe. We believe the uncontrolled invasion of Latin America by American capital guided only by the banks to be one of the most dangerous influences bearing upon the future of this country. We believe that the influence of Wall Street credit control of the railroads and of many of our industrial undertakings is a social poison. It was significant that Mr. Loree, one of the most reactionary railroad presidents, played so large and so backward-looking a part in this convention. We do not doubt that financial interests centering in our credit institutions played an unwholesome part in steering the country into the European war. But in these aftermath years Wall Street seems to us plainly to have had a longer vision than many of our liberal friends in the country at large. To stand rigidly for collection of all interallied debts seems to us to be rather like playing the ostrich. The plain fact is that the continental countries cannot pay at all now and are very unlikely ever to be able to pay in full. The only possible method of collection would be for the United States to follow the policy which has set a precedent in the Caribbean: to introduce American collectors of revenue and to set up a sort of American protectorate controlling the finances of those countries. Then, when some band of stout patriots set up a cry of "Europe for Europeans" and tried to put out the tax collector and default on the debt, we would have to send over the marines—as we have done in the Caribbean. *The Nation* does not believe that the American people have the slightest intention of getting into any such hot water in Europe; we have got into quite enough trouble in our own hemisphere, not to mention the other shore of the Pacific Ocean. But the people of this country might as well realize that if they really mean to insist upon full payment of all the debts they mean something of that sort. Already we find Mr. Hughes sending a long-distance warning to Rumania, who was trying to refund her debts, that she dassent do any Old World financing before she settles with us.

Of course there are countries with which no such policy is possible—France, for instance. *Nation* readers are no more likely to accuse this paper of excessive respect for French foreign policy than for the New York banks, but we must admit the cogency of an argument constantly advanced by the French today. "You ask us to forgive most of what the Germans owe us," they say, "though Germany was our enemy; but you refuse to forgive us any of what we owe you, although you were our friend." Americans have come pretty thoroughly to realize that the reparations payments as charged against Germany in the Treaty of Versailles and subsequent agreements are excessive. Mr. McKenna's masterly statement of Germany's impossible position would have shocked public opinion a year ago; no one thought of disputing it this year. American public opinion is clearly with England in England's efforts to have the burden reduced. Now we know that millions of reparations money have been wasted in extravagances for the army on the Rhine and in profiteering in the devastated regions; we know, too, that private greed has prevented France from availing herself of German labor and materials that have repeatedly been offered. Nevertheless America cannot ask France to scale down her charge against Germany and at the same time insist that France pay us in full. That would be insufferably selfish and short-sighted. It would be shrewd bargaining for us and for the world if we agreed to cancel at least a large part of France's debt to us in exchange for solid agreements to be reasonable about reparations and to disarm. Europe cannot breathe while Germany plunges from one catastrophe to another. France can save Germany, and with Germany Europe—but she will not give everything for nothing. And if we can induce France to save herself some of the money she wastes on her needlessly large army that too will be a blessing.

No one now asks cancelation of the British debt. We are not being asked to lend a hand to a thriving trade rival; we are asked to recognize the bankruptcy of continental Europe, to show Europe that while we will not mix in their political scrambles nor take sides in their squabbles we do not intend to play Shylock demanding his pound of flesh.

Let us be clear on one more point: the cause of such a cancelation is constantly being injured by the insistent advocates of the League of Nations. There are those who identify any abandonment of American isolation with an approach to the League. They hurt the cause they would help. American sentiment is rigidly against the League. *The Nation* believes that the League has taken useful steps toward reforming its constitution;* it respects the inner purpose of the League; it sees no reason why the United States should not participate fully in the work of the Hague Court and in many useful international conferences started before the war but now happily united under the aegis of the League, just as the United States did before the war; but *The Nation* does not believe that the time has come when it would be wise for the United States to enter the League. The American mind is closed to the question. Let us turn to the possible. The bankers wisely did precisely that.

* Last week *The Nation* stated that the League Council sat in secret. We are glad to be informed that this policy has been changed.

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Cutting Off Our Man-Power

ALTHOUGH the United States received 309,556 alien immigrants during its first fiscal year under the 3-per-cent restrictive law, our net gain in foreign-born population numbered only 6,518 men—and the classification "men" takes in all persons of the male sex, including a large number of boys not yet of working age!

The public will do well to keep in mind this surprising and significant fact in connection with the demand for an even more restrictive immigration act which is to be made at the next session of Congress. Representative Johnson, chairman of the Committee on Immigration of the House, has already drafted a bill reducing the quota from 3 per cent to 2 per cent. He would lessen by one-third the number of persons admissible under the present act, which limits the annual immigration from countries of the Old World to 3 per cent of the number of their natives resident in the United States according to the census of 1910. In support of stricter limitation, the propagandists of that policy point to the 309,556 alien immigrants which America received last year—and stop there. They hold this total up as proving that our foreign-born population is still increasing rapidly; they ignore the facts. We have already dried up the sources of that man-power upon which for the last fifty years American industry has largely depended.

In the first place, only 243,953 of the total immigrant aliens for the year came from countries under the quota restriction. The rest—more than a fifth — came from Canada, Mexico, and other countries of the Western Hemisphere, to which the percentage limit does not apply. Furthermore, one must look at the figures of emigration as well as immigration to understand the drift of our foreign population. During the fiscal year ended on June 30, 198,712 alien emigrants quitted our shores, leaving us a net gain in foreign stock of only 110,844. Of the arrivals for the year 149,741 were men and 159,815 were women, while of those departing 143,223 were men and only 55,489 were women. Less than half of the immigrants, but nearly three-fourths of the emigrants, were men. In consequence, we are faced with the extraordinary situation that the country's total net gain by alien immigration during the first fiscal year under the quota law was 104,326 women and 6,518 men (both figures including children).

The preponderance of women and children among our present immigrants is a consequence of the war and a striking reversal of the condition that prevailed previous to 1914. The change is largely due to the deteriorated exchange value of European money, which puts the cost of a steamship ticket beyond the means of most persons who have to pay for it out of wages earned in the Old World. Our present immigration is largely assisted from America; it consists of women and children sent for by men already in the United States. On the other hand, the opportunities that are calling aliens back to Europe at this time are largely for young and unattached men.

Thus the figure of 309,556 immigrant aliens admitted shrinks to almost nothing when it is reduced to net gain in man-power. Moreover, there has been an actual loss in net immigration in respect to most of the countries upon which we have depended recently for our supply of unskilled labor. Italy, whose swarthy sons have done so much to lay our railways, dig our sewers, and build our roads, was allowed to send us only 40,319 immigrants for the fiscal year 1921-1922, while during the same period 53,651 Italians left this country. Likewise with Poland. From it we received 28,635 immigrants, while the number of Poles leaving America was 33,581. The figures in regard to Greece, Spain, Portugal, Jugoslavia, and several other countries also show that we lost more from these nations by emigration than we gained by immigration. The National Industrial Conference Board thinks the loss in unskilled labor is even more conclusively shown by occupational statistics in regard to last year's immigration. It says:

> There was a net increase of 7,642 of the professional class, 33,630 skilled workers, 39,309 servants, and 76,106 of no occupation, including women and children, while there was a net loss of 67,332 classed as laborers. . . . Including only those classes of skilled and miscellaneous workers who have a direct relation to the labor supply of American manufacturing industry, the immigration for the first fiscal year of the new law's operation represents a net loss of 30,883 workers.

The National Industrial Conference Board reminds us also that the number of wage-earners in American manufacturing industries increased at the rate of about 250,000 a year from 1909 to 1919. Most of them were supplied by the immigrant tide—this source adding an average of 400,000 skilled and unskilled workers annually during the five years before the war. When we compare this situation with last year's deficit of workers in manufacturing industry, it raises serious questions in regard to our future working forces.

Yet in the face of a situation like this the immigration restrictionists are demanding a still tighter law! There are, of course, other considerations in favor of a liberal immigration policy than that of labor supply, but it is important that this aspect be made plain to Congress and to the public. Congress has just passed a tariff which is, in fact, a restrictive importation law. It must not be allowed to follow this with an equally unwise and unscientific restrictive immigration law. Even if Congress insists upon maintaining the quota principle, the present law should be liberalized and widened, not made more drastic and exclusive. As a matter of experience, the 3-per-cent law has proved to exclude in effect down to almost 2 per cent. Owing to the fact that many countries of Northern Europe did not use up their quotas, only 243,953 persons, as already noted, came in under the percentage regulations instead of the permissible 365,995. This, taken with the fact that emigration exceeded immigration in the case of Italy and other important countries, should lead even the advocates of percentage restriction to seek a more equitable adjustment of quotas than the present. It would seem only just, for instance, that the numerical allowances of the various countries should be based upon net immigration. In assigning monthly quotas to countries the number of emigrants in the previous month might properly be added to the percentage allowance. Those persons who supported the quota legislation of 1921 did so without realizing that for every three aliens allowed to come into the country there would be two leaving it.

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These United States—XIV*

WISCONSIN: A Voice from the Middle Border

By ZONA GALE

SHE said: "When we came to Wisconsin forty years ago we drove the ninety miles from Milwaukee and settled here in the woods. We didn't have a plow. We didn't have a ham. The neighbors lent him an ax and a saw and we begun. And now we've got this eighty we're on. And the three forties next we give the boys for wedding presents. They ain't all paid for yet. Ours'll be ours, though, before we die." She and he are seventy-odd, made of brown horn and cord. To them living means their "eighty."

A north county townsman said: "My wife and I have adopted two children and she wants to take another. I laid aside above two thousand last year and I tell her to go ahead —nothing like music in the home." And in another mood: "I tell you, a man's got to do something for somebody else. Down and out, is he? Family sick on his hands? Put me down for a tenner."

After the sixties, such was the State drama: New Englander, Scandinavian, German pioneer or son of a pioneer paying for his eighty; or as prosperous townsman saving for his home. Here and there a voice asking or pledging remedial aid. Farm, business, home, school, drone of legislature—and a crust or a coin for the uncompensated. Beyond farm and town were the crash of falling forests, clink of new-spiked rails, detonations from the iron counties, and the occasional cry of a bewildered Red Man. All on a background of shadowed grain and colored lakes and glossy pasture land.

Also there was a lullaby titled: "Do not do so-and-so lest capital be driven out of the State." In a word, the drama and refrain of the old individualism. Already forgotten were such stirrings as the cooperative settlements of the forties and the Granger movement; and already aging was that young party of protest at slavery and secession, the Republican Party, born at Ripon, Wisconsin, in 1854 and christened in the Capitol Park at Madison.

Until the nineties. Then came La Follette. His story is one of the great romances of Wisconsin. His battles have now been fought in State after State but in Wisconsin it was pioneer ground and principally a one-man conflict. It was news to the people that they had not a representative government because of the convention system. It was news to the farmers and manufacturers and homeowners of the State that they were paying double the taxes paid by the railroads. It was news that in reporting gross earnings the railroads had not counted a million dollars annually in secret rebates. Spectacular collection of taxes on these rebates, abolishment of the whole rebate system, imposing of equal taxes at State valuation on holdings, and then rate regulation to prevent payment of increased taxes by increased carriage cost; and at last the Railroad Commission itself, following an earlier and abortive commission—all these came to Wisconsin through the one-man center of energy who could fill other men with conviction and teach them the peril in which their government labored. Rocking up through the black prophecies came the laughter of the State when the Railway Commission books showed for the first five years of its operation a two-million-dollar reduction in rates but an increase of 18.45 per cent in net earnings of the roads of the State against 18.41 per cent increase in net earnings for all the roads of the nation. The other public utilities, soon shepherded into the commission, outran that record. Capital simply could not be driven out of the State! Meanwhile the first full primary law in the United States had been written into the Wisconsin statutes.

Yet the story of the struggle to defeat this legislation is one of the saddest in Wisconsin records. The whole story of the opposing lobbies has been told in La Follette's Autobiography and shows that Monte Carlo stages nothing more devastating than do the committee rooms of the capitols.

For a time Wisconsin lit new peaks at every legislative session. The commission idea kindled a flame then new to our traditionized vision: that the determining of conditions of certain relationships on a basis of legal precedent is fantastic and must be replaced by administrative interpretation on the basis of present economic and social fact. Followed a statute said in 1911 to be the greatest piece of labor legislation in the United States, the Industrial Commission to administer the new Workmen's Compensation Act and all other labor laws—the first instance in the country of the State assuming to control and regulate health and safety of the workers. Tax Commission, Dairy and Food Commission, Free Library Commission, State Insurance Department, State Banking Department for bank inspection, and Immigration Bureau of the Department of Agriculture (with a Chicago office) now all contribute to the humanizing of the State machinery, to the stressing of human values in organized living. The Wisconsin Idea. The last commission, the Market Commission of 1919, to teach farmers to grade their own goods and market their own products and organize in cooperative groups, is designed ultimately to do for agriculture what the Industrial Commission does for industry. And to do more than that.

Not that cooperation in a quiet way has not already had growth in Wisconsin which passed one of the first cooperative laws in the Union. Perhaps it is by spiritual inheritance from those five cooperative communities of Owenites and Fourierites—the Wisconsin Phalanx, Hunt's Colony, St. Nazianz, Spring Farm, and the Utilitarian Association which had early dreamed their dream of relationship and died of institutionalization—that in 1917 there were in Wisconsin 1,536 cooperative creameries, cheese factories, produce companies, live-stock shipping associations and stores, besides 803 mutual telephone companies. These are soil for the flowering of that inevitable great growth so slow to root in America.

"Poor Wisconsin! So burdened by administrative commissions that the tax-payers move out of the State." One hears that occasionally from an editorial pen, a pen de-

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This is the fourteenth article in the series entitled These United States. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20, and George P. West on California, October 4.

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scended from that quill which used to be afraid of driving out capital. The answer which that pen will best understand is that not one dollar of the general property tax touches the Wisconsin commissions or boards or departments, for these are supported by the corporation taxes. (Railroad taxes, for example!) All the Capitol expenses are worth pausing over. The legislature of 123 members costs $373 a day and has eighty-eight employees who are in the classified civil service. This sum is one-third that which some States pay smaller legislatures having two score more employees politically appointed. Of course by political appointments the commissions might be sabotaged, as is said to be happening now in New York State.

One hears occasionally too that Wisconsin is losing its progressivism. It is true that during the three administrations preceding the present, Wisconsin rather stood still. But nothing of importance was repealed. Indeed Wisconsin was the first State to ratify the Nineteenth Amendment; and to pass the Equal Rights Bill by which women are given equality before the law, with the safeguarding too of the protective legislation "which they now enjoy for the general welfare"—the eight-hour day and minimum-wage laws. The revolutionary rights to enter into equal partnership with her husband, to sue and be sued if she must, to make contracts unaided, have her residence declared to be where she actually lives, and to receive employment even though married are all insured by this radical bill. By it lichened centuries of the old English common law are dropped. Can anybody say that the State is not progressive still?

Meanwhile something else had been happening in Wisconsin. A mile down a Madison street from the Greek dome of the new Capitol ($2,000,000 the dome alone cost, we tell you, and we add that the Governor's reception room is a replica of a room in the Doge's palace; but for the Doge we give no reason) stands an institution which makes every Wisconsin tax-payer either a psalmist or a prophet of peril. He ought to be a poet, for there is, we concede, nowhere in America a lovelier campus than that which lifts from Lake Mendota. Inscribed on a stone near its highest hall is that declaration of freedom made by the regents who had just tried Dr. Richard T. Ely for "economic heresy":

> We cannot for a moment believe that knowledge has reached its final goal or that the present constitution of society is perfect. . . . In all lines of investigation . . . the investigator should be absolutely free to follow the paths of truth wherever they may lead. Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe the great State of Wisconsin should encourage that continual fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone truth can be found.

This cry of Tomorrow, adopted as a plank in one Republican State platform, is of course not always lived up to by capitol or university. Of late the halls of the university have been denied for the public appearance of the editor of *The Nation,* of Scott Nearing, and of Kate Richards O'Hare, who were obliged to speak somewhere else in Madison on those occasions—Mrs. O'Hare at the Capitol. And within five years both the faculty of the university and the State legislature have, not quite unanimously, formally censured Senator La Follette for his opposition to the entrance of the United States into the World War. But the dream is there and Wisconsin has had for that dream two wings, one political and one educational. Dr. Richard T. Ely's "curious new individualism, that the State is a necessary good whose duty is to preserve to men opportunities which they deserve and profit by" did as much for the young as progressive legislation did for the elders to make men socially conscious and to give them a right attitude toward public affairs. Dr. John R. Commons and Dr. E. A. Ross (the latter fresh from two boycotts of his own for "economic heresy") sifted and winnowed in political economy and sociology "on the hill," while La Follette and others sifted and winnowed at the Capitol; and Frederic C. Howe sifted and winnowed at large. In those days were many giants. Some of the giants still survive.

Then McCarthy. "I, a wandering student, seeking knowledge, came knocking at the great gates of the University of Wisconsin and it took me in, filled me with inspiration, and when I left its doors the kindly people of the State . . . gave me a man's work to do." The "man's work" was for one thing the Legislative Reference Library. For what was the use of progressive legislation if the new statutes were so loosely drawn that they failed to express the will of the people? And what was the use of expressing the will of the people if there were no trained servants to carry it out? McCarthy saw democracy failing at its source; legislators with ideas of public service thwarted because they could not find out how other States and nations handled those ideas; unscrupulous lawyers drawing up bills purposely unconstitutional; the openly recognized scheme of jokers; the farmer or grocer or country lawyer faced unprepared with the making of laws on every phase of life; and expected to vote on two thousand bills at a session. He came with his idea of a Legislative Reference Library. They laughed at him; much later they took him on sufferance in the attic of the Capitol; very early they introduced a bill to abolish him; then they accepted him. The idea has been adopted in State after State and at Washington—though at Washington they are slowly strangling the library by failure to make it appropriations. These two tasks which "McCarthy of Wisconsin" set for himself—the improving of statute law and the improving of public administration, so little spectacular, so ripe for drudgery, are of the fabric of Wisconsin, present and to come. Some day his Society for Training for Public Service will not exist merely on paper as it does now; and the extended functioning of administrative experts may lead to nothing less than his idea of a new equity.

Also McCarthy's touch is on the continuation school laws—entrance into industry not dependent on age alone but on completion of eighth grade, part-time attendance obligatory up to *eighteen* years, and such schools required, with State aid, in towns of five thousand. And on the University Extension program which serves its thousands in spite of the reactionaries' slogan of: "This university-on-wheels business has got to stop." And McCarthy's trail led by the farms and through one administration the State Board of Public Affairs was transformed into a rural agency studying, with the university, European marketing systems, State loans to farmers, cooperative credit. The Marketing Commission was his dream. His death two years ago was as little a death as ever a man died. He is still saying about the Capitol his careless: "Well, it's something where there was nothing."

Something where there was nothing. But there must be soil. And even with leaders like these, preaching that democracy and representative government are never won to keep, how was it that Wisconsin proved such favorable soil for progressivism? They were the camera, but who made the plate? The plate was made by the spirit of liberty stirring in northern Europe in the late forties. In Scan-

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dinavia, Germany, Ireland, Poland, Belgium, Switzerland. In political refugees. In Carl Schurz and the revolutionists of 1848. Intellectual brothers to those of the New Englanders who would still have brewed tea in Boston harbor. And it was spiritual brothers to the Brook Farm folk who now founded those little cooperative commonwealths whose ideals, reinterpreted, recur among us like a motif. Migrant to America, they read a pamphlet printed by immigrants to say that Wisconsin, then just admitted to the Union, had a constitution favorable to a Free State and that here only a year was required for citizenship. But the whole northern Mississippi Valley was peopled with such immigrants.

"Not a plow . . . not a ham . . . they lent him an axe and a saw and he begun . . . I laid aside two thousand last year. . . . Something for somebody else. . . . Careful lest capital be driven from the State."

Yes, all that followed. Farm and business, home and school, caution, conformity, economy, and a charity crust for the uncompensated. The old individualism, drama and refrain. But beneath the fine old individualism slept the stuff of the pioneers, patriots who had not been afraid to mention it when their country was wrong. And when the cry for representative government reappeared not as a political slogan but as an economic and educational program something ancient, it seems, woke in the flesh of their children. "I have never doubted," said La Follette, "that, once the people understood, they would reclaim their government."

Something where there was nothing. A proper attitude toward public affairs. A torch brought by the pioneers and held by President John Bascom of the university, patiently urging the service which education must pay back to the State. One of his pupils was the late President Charles Van Hise, who held the torch for a while. Another pupil was La Follette.

What else of Wisconsin? Always there is the still background of that stretching acreage of farms. And it isn't that $234,000,000 worth of milk was produced in the State in 1920; or 307,000,000 pounds of cheese and 95,000,000 of butter in 1919; it isn't this (though we like thus adroitly to get it in the conversation). It isn't that the university agricultural school has bred pedigreed grain with which it won the world's championship in 1910; or made corn and all kinds of fruit grow up Lake Superior way; or that it has brought research contributions to soil testing and marsh draining; or discovered five of the six tests used everywhere in dairying. It isn't these, after all. It is that the university and the capitol *care*. That they are not serving the hand-picked alone. That they touch the peoples' life as it is lived. The Wisconsin Idea. The University Idea. And here it is, from Major Edward Fitzpatrick of the present Wisconsin Board of Education: "Wherever spirit grows by mysterious contact with spirit, in the passion to make knowledge serve human needs, there is the essence of the University Idea." No wonder that this board has lately become a social planning department and that there is now being outlined a State-wide educational program to make the progress of Wisconsin a course consciously planned for a decade to come.

Among the unacademic educational forces in the State should be named the Socialist Party with Victor Berger. Not only because, anonymous on the statute books, is many a measure which the Socialists urged years ago and saw others pass; nor because for years the Socialists have successfully governed Milwaukee as they do now, but because of their general service to the State in quickening the social consciousness.

What else of Wisconsin? A progressive Governor, renominated on a platform which includes the abolishing of the secrecy clause in the income-tax law; and in Governor Blaine's hands are figures and names which show that $1,500,000 in income-tax returns have been held back from the State in the last six years by certain corporations—and the work of auditing is barely begun. No wonder that for the first time in the political history of Wisconsin the Old Guard, the stalwart Republicans, are calling themselves "independent progressives," or "constructive progressives," or just progressives for short. "The sheep in the clothing of what he used to call a wolf," says an earnest wag.

And what else? A unique geological background of thrilling revelation and a rich Indian and French and Jesuit tradition. Thousands of acres of forest reserve—now that millions of the northern giants have been felled. A State Conservation Commission and a "Lovers of Our Native Landscape" preserving woods and granite cliffs and waterfronts—now that some of these waterfronts already bear a general resemblance to the burning ghats. A labyrinth of little towns with pathetic Main Street lists inscribed with names of boys fed to the old old Minotaur. A mass of the people still living the lives of the sixties—individualists, as we say "egg and bird"; ("Fine citizen. Tends exclusively to his own business"); turning a languid or a suspicious or an alarmed eye on social legislation; ("Social or Socialist, what's the difference?" And, "Don't 'civic' mean keeping the saloons shut?"); with women of three generations awake and aware of these dawns, pioneer suffragists or undergraduate utopists; and with other women repressed, overspecialized to housework, and that pendulum swinging to daughters neither repressed nor specialized. All the tawdriness of the sad scramble for pleasure in rides and reels, with hard-favored recreation halls and desultory pageants of commercial floats as our chief form of art expression. But also the schoolhouses open for non-partisan non-exclusive assembling of the people and this mandatory on all school boards. And the Wisconsin Players, a laboratory for the youth of the State to try themselves out, without cost, in the arts of the theater. A Milwaukee Art Society with a permanent exhibit by Wisconsin artists, an exhibit taken out in the autumn to the county fairs. A State Music Federation. Stephen Babcock, inventing the fat test for milk and refusing to patent it. A poet, William Ellery Leonard, whose voice and vision are for "the prophets of the New, until the few are all." John Muir's birthplace. Ole Bull's house as the executive residence. Bill Nye's own town. Edna Ferber's laughter and Hamlin Garland's devotion celebrating the Middle Border. The home of Ringling's circus—and when of late Al Ringling died the legislature adjourned and (in the neighboring town where he began his show business with one dog in a crate) attended his funeral. Everywhere stir such revaluations as that, furthering sympathy, furthering reality.

In brief, the well-known human being, wistful that life be physically and spiritually beneficent to him and even to his kind. And lifting through the mechanism of government and education the Wisconsin spirit saying so that it is actually audible: "Your hope is the State's task."

But McCarthy's words are best: "Well, where there was nothing there is something."

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The Coming Elections in Great Britain

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, September 20

WHEN the autumn berries ripen and people begin to feel that the holiday season is drawing to a close, there are always some rumors of a general election in Great Britain. But this year the reappearance of the rumors has some substance. At the very utmost this Parliament can live only one more session. The constitution kills it at the end of next year, and no government will quietly wait for its legal decease—least of all one of which Mr. Lloyd George is the head.

Three specific facts moreover dominate the political situation here. The Coalition is breaking up internally. The personal friendship between ministers has been complete, and so far as they are concerned the Coalition would last forever. But they are controlled by the feeling of their respective parties.

The most servile of the Coalition groups is the Coalition Liberal. It has no backing in the country and no future. It depends solely on the Prime Minister's reputation, and that, but for the favor of electors who would naturally vote Conservative, is not very much outside North Wales. The recent elections in Pontypridd and Gower show that it is of no account in South Wales. The Coalition Liberals see disaster ahead of them whatever happens. This group will divide into a part that will go permanently Conservative and a part that will return to the Liberal fold. So the Coalition Liberals will want an election timed by party expediency.

Conservatives, however, detest the present arrangement. They do not feel comfortable with strangers in their camp. They found Mr. Lloyd George convenient during a crisis, but they never took him to their hearts. They are Conservatives imbued deeply with class feeling and interest and are timorous lest Coalition compromises may be their undoing. They prefer Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Chamberlain. Much has happened to disturb them, and the Irish policy of the Government caused them serious alarm. Their disquietude has grown, and their *crême de la crême*, with the *Morning Post* as an organ, is in open revolt and has chosen Lord Salisbury as its leader. This section includes the virile elements of social conservatism and they ultimately decide the policy of the party. In November the party meets in London and the most strenuous efforts are now being made to get from that meeting a decision contrary to the continued existence of the Coalition. Should that succeed the Coalition is ended; but even should it not succeed (that is the likely result), the leaders know perfectly well that the only way to restore the unity of the party is to climb down as gracefully and speedily as possible. If they are not thrown over it will be because they have given assurances that the end is near and that the party will soon be free.

All that is left therefore is for the Prime Minister to choose his time. He knows that the war glamor has gone from him. His economic policy since the armistice has been ruinous; his Greek policy has been disastrous; he is blamed for the distress from which our country now suffers. So he changes and begins to express views and suggest policies which he tore to shreds in order to get his majority four years ago. This brings us to the second dominating fact.

If we are to help Europe, ourselves included, to get out of the present mess, we must change our policy both in principle and detail. We must adopt a new attitude to France and Germany, and the aims we have been pursuing hitherto in the Near East must be fundamentally changed. It is perfectly clear that if this is to be done effectively the Parliament that supports the Government must have a new mandate from the country. The unprincipled cynicism of this Government, upon whose shoulders lies so heavily responsibility for the policy which has made peace more destructive than war, which has misled both France and Greece to fatal courses, or the mental and moral adaptability of a man who heads a frenzied crowd one day and appears the next as their judge and admonisher, is too outrageous to the decent fitness of things to be anything but a hindrance when wisdom comes after folly. This Parliament has done its work disastrously, and for the undoing of it another is required. Mr. Lloyd George must feel that if his country is to pursue a new policy, backed by public opinion, an election is required to give that policy the weight which it will require.

Another consideration important to election managers, but of a different kind from the other two, relates to the budget. A good budget, with a judiciously arranged reduction in taxation, is supposed to be a peculiarly valuable first blast for a general election, and so some take the view that there will be no election till next summer. But the last budget was like one of those balance sheets which bring company directors before the financial courts. By suspending the sinking fund, providing only a fraction of debt charges, using capital as income it showed a balance, and taxation was reduced. That has to be paid for, and as, for the time being, income and expenditure allow people unversed in finance to believe we are prosperous, the autumn expectation of a good budget in the spring will be a better electoral advantage than the actual budget itself in the early summer. Besides, a severe winter will produce much industrial trouble and expenditure, and a calculating election manager will have his election over before these troubles come.

Mr. Lloyd George is not altogether free, or he would decide for an election in the autumn. He will certainly from now onwards watch vigilantly for his chance. But even as I write the appalling situation in Turkey, Asia Minor, and the Balkans shows how flimsy must all political forecasts of propitious weather be. Unless our Government brings us directly into a hopeless mess and gives up its task until the country has given a decision upon policy, such a heavy cloud over the Near East must convince Mr. Lloyd George that neither public need nor party advantage can justify an election. All I am concerned with, however, at the moment is to point out that this crisis, which arose after the rumors of an election were floated, will have a decisive effect one way or the other in proving these rumors well or ill founded.

What is likely to be the result of the contest? Only a general answer is possible. The by-elections could not be

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more disastrous than they have been. When in East Leicester a Coalition vote of 18,000 in 1918 was this year reduced to 8,700 and an anti-Coalition poll of 18,000 was recorded, it is evident that anything may happen in the industrial constituencies and almost any extreme of optimistic extravagance can produce grounds for its expectations. We must be cautious, however. There are not many places like Leicester; our industrial vote is too concentrated to be fully effective; the Labor vote may approximate a half of the votes polled, but Labor gains may be far short of that proportion. In 1918 Labor polled one-fourth of the votes and got 8 per cent of the seats. On the other hand, the optimist is right when he points out that a very small increase in the proportion of votes polled may mean a large proportion of seats gained. All depends upon what districts poll heavily for Labor whether the votes go to make majorities enormous or seats many.

The statistics of the game appear to be quite simple. Excluding Ireland, there are 602 members to be elected. The 120 Labor and Liberal seats now held are likely to be kept with but insignificant exceptions. If the Labor and the Liberal gains together amount to 130, the Coalition Government is doomed, but no government will be secure; if the gains amount to 200, a Labor government will be possible. Our conclusion seems to be a safe deduction from the by-elections, and that is that no Coalition seat held by a majority of 4,000 or under is now safe. There are about 160 such seats, and it is known that there are several with considerably larger majorities that will be won. In any event I see no prospect of a Liberal government. Either the Labor or the Conservative Party will be the strongest individual section, the Liberals being clearly in the third place. Whatever happens at the Irish elections will have little influence upon the general strength of parties.

A survey of public opinion so far as it has disclosed itself at the moment shows some very decided features. The political power of the Prime Minister, apart from the strength of the Conservative Party, is very low; the Conservative Party will work mainly for its own hand and its support to Coalition Liberals will not be hearty; in a certain number of constituencies the two sections will run rival candidates; the small groups that have been active from time to time—Independents, Economists, Bottomleyites—are now of no account; in not a few constituencies there will be both Labor and Liberal candidates, but in very few will that really damage Labor chances; the best electoral machinery will be under the control of Labor and Conservative parties, but Labor will be hampered by lack of money and a press, while with both of these the Conservatives and Coalitionists are amply supplied.

Foreign policy will fill the greater part of the Labor platform, not only for its own sake but because Labor finds in this the source of our immediate domestic difficulties. To this public opinion will generously respond. The country is heartily sick of the Versailles Treaty aftermath and of the Government's policy up to the beginning of this year. It desires a clearer definition of our relations to France and a wiser and more reliable policy of our own directed to reconstruction, peace, and disarmament. Yet in its heart it is not quite sure about Labor, and upon this the Coalition attack will be delivered. Labor has, time after time, and on point after point, proved itself to have been wiser and more far-seeing than the Government, but if it were in power would it be ruled by its "extremists"? Utterly absurd as it is in reality and contrary as it is to every patent fact, the cry "bolshevist Labor" disturbs many dull-witted people, and as we have gone far beyond the day (if it ever dawned) when election conflicts were a hammering out of truth, thousands of votes will be cast while the voter is under the influence of the smart, tricky election agent who sticks at nothing provided it yields him a few votes on election day.

There is a widespread desire to give Labor a chance. True it is that in Parliament Labor has not been very effective, but on the other hand it has not been very bad, and its strength lies in the pronouncements made by its writers and speakers on the problems of the day, in the sane industrial work done by some of its prominent members, and in the unbending stand for democratic constitutionalism taken by others.

The country wants a rest, a policy directed to the political settlement of Europe and the renewal of trade, a wise settlement of finance which will be comprehensive in its scope and which will be part of a scheme of liquidation and peace; and the main contest will be between the Conservatives and Coalition on the one hand, acting with some varying measure of cooperation, and Labor and Liberals on the other not cooperating, to gain the confidence of the electors that they would produce and pursue such a policy if in a majority in the House of Commons.

Deliverance

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

The screaming kingbirds in the poplars woke her,
And since lately there had been no joy in waking,
She thought it well to end such things, together
With floors to scrub, and baking.

So instead of lifting up the pails, she turned
Down to the river rushing brown in flood
And watched a moment the June sunlight sifting
Through a lone cottonwood.

An easy way it was to end all wakings,
To hear no more the flooded river's strife,
Nor noisy birds at dawn, nor cows at milk-time,
Nor any voice of life.

Contributors to This Issue

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD is the outstanding leader of the Independent Labor Party of England.

WILLIAM EVANS is the pseudonym of one of the leading American correspondents in the Far East.

ZONA GALE, a native of Wisconsin, is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett." A dramatic version of this story was awarded by Columbia University the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 as the best play of the year produced in New York.

FRANK A. MUNSEY is the owner of the New York *Herald*, the *Evening Sun*, and other publications, and a prominent journalistic apostle of the Republican Party.

GWENDOLEN HASTE was one of the two winners of *The Nation's* Poetry Prize in 1922.

HILDA CONKLING is the 12-year-old author of "Poems by a Little Girl" and "Shoes of the Wind."

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The Moon Shines on Chang-chung

By WILLIAM EVANS

Tokio, September 1

VARIOUS things have happened since I began this letter. Among other things the Brethren have decided to meet over in Chang-chung, and fix things up—the Brethren being Japan, Soviet Russia, and the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia. The Brethren decided to do that, and I decided not to spend $1,000 to go over and get the story. I don't think it's worth it. I think it's a fake and a frost. I hope my judgment will be sustained by developments, and that New York won't be cabling to find out why in thunder I didn't go after a live story when I saw it.

But if I were in Chang-chung, and there was a full moon at Chang-chung (as the calendar assures me there will be ten nights hence), I think I should write in about this fashion. The story would make me famous or get me fired, and quite conceivably it would do both. I'd file $900 worth of cablegram to this effect:

There was a full moon tonight in Chang-chung. A moon of marvelous beauty it was, and full of mystery. A great, bewildering thing hanging in the heavens above the vast Manchurian plains—a brooding thing, beautiful and beyond human understanding, silvering the city of Chang-chung and making it poignantly lovely. Even, it seemed to me, it made all the world lovely, the far-away world, on the other side, that couldn't see it, and all the worlds that have passed and all the worlds that are to come.

The Old Gang didn't see the moon. The Old Gang was indoors, sitting around a big table—a big table covered with green cloth, like a poker table. The Old Gang has gathered from the ends of the earth, away out here in the Manchurian remoteness, the same Old Gang assembled to play the old game in the same old way. The individuals change, of course, but the Gang goes on forever. There are new faces, hidden from the moon tonight in Chang-chung, but nevertheless it is the same Old Gang that Vienna knew, and Versailles, that Rome knew before it, and Carthage, and doubtless Sodom and Gomorrah. The Gang that has done things throughout all history—loathsome things and unspeakable. Their game was going along gracefully tonight—their gentle game of illuding mankind.

And the Great Moon made radiant the vast Manchurian plains—when was it men fought and died across this plain, and sobbed and shuddered and soaked it with their blood? I seem to remember that for something or other a great many men were slaughtered here. What was it they were tortured and slaughtered for, anyhow? Do you recall? Nobly they died, I believe, and bravely—horribly, most horribly, as men always die in war, with guts crushed out and bodies blown open, foam and curses spewing from distorted lips. I'm sorry I can't remember the noble cause they went to hell for. Really, it seems worthy of mention. But nobody appears to know exactly. Only I seem to have an impression the Old Gang had met somewhere before it started, and said something, and waved some flags; and didn't the Old Gang meet again after it was all over, and say some more things; and weren't some papers signed; and, flags?—surely, I think, some flags were waved again, too.

The Old Gang tonight in Chang-chung far off on the Manchurian plain; the same Old Gang, the ward-heelers of the world, playing with what we are pleased ironically to term the civilized earth and all its lives and its destiny and happiness, instead of with part of a precinct and a handful of sodden, ignorant voters. They are orating grandiosely tonight in Chang-chung, in a variety of languages and always in impeccable diction. Also, they bluff and bluster and smile unctuously upon occasion. The banquets, naturally, are, in Dickie Davis's phrase, perfectly appointed. Faultless the napery, gleaming the silver, and the chairs of solid rare jade. And the servants—ah, really, if you could but see them! Thus might you be beguiled into forgetting some of the things the plains of Manchuria have seen—things known, too, to the fields of Flanders. It is all being done with consummate grace. And proper reports are reaching the several peoples concerned, of what was said and when and how—that is, as much as it is meet and proper for them to read. Told in each country just as it should be told—in that country.

Some of us, of course, will try our pitiable best to tell the real story. But the propagandists will surely controvert us, and they may even prove their statements, and that, as you know, is very awful, for it discredits you in your profession. And so the simpletons never can know. Besides, it is not well that they be disturbed of mind as they root up truffles for banquet tables and spawn their lowly eggs.

The Old Gang, then, will make an agreement. It will be a solemn thing, and solemnly it will be published. Strangely enough no editor will run it on the comic page, with strips by Goldberg and Fisher, for the simpletons dearly love pictures and the printed word baffles. Then, in due course, the agreement will go into the archives. Upon it dust will be heaped up by the passing years; until one fine day for good and sufficient reasons, of course, one of the Gang will discover that the solemn agreement is only a scrap of paper. And this will mean, if vast loans be menaced, that there will be another war—over sacred principles, of course. No true patriot will permit his country's flag and its honor to be violated, its solemn agreements held as a scrap of paper.

And more millions will die—many millions, no doubt. It doesn't seem to matter greatly whether upon the Manchurian plains or the Fields of Flanders or the Valleys of the Piave. There they will die, as men always die in war, nobly and bravely, but with a gross disregard of aesthetics—entrails jerked out, eyes bulging or sunken to awful nothings—on the spot where they went down cursing God and man, because they did not hate life, and because they did not understand.

And when it is over the Old Gang will meet again somewhere, and make another agreement and . . . Great God!

But, as I started to say, there was a full moon tonight in Chang-chung—a moon of marvelous beauty and infinite mystery, shimmering across this sweep of Manchuria where a civilization held sway before Babylon was. Its ancient beams wrought fantastic temple gates into silver filigree; its sheen lay upon temples to strange gods—spurious because there is but one true God, He who guides mighty Powers in paths of kindly righteousness. By a temple gate sat a blind beggar in the moonlight, sightless, for all I know, because of hurtling shrapnel of the battlefield or

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because his dam did not escape the taint of the camp-follower. The blind beggar did not know of the Old Gang and its ways. He played a tune in the moonlight upon a bamboo flute, plaintive and pitiful. And the full moon shone upon Chang-chung and the world was beautiful to see. . . .

That's about the way my cablegram would run. But it would be better than this letter, I hope, for while I have written my ears have rung with the wails of a sick yellow lad across the street, who, if he dies not now, may later know the glory of death on the sweeping Manchurian plain.

An Appeal for Two New Parties

By FRANK A. MUNSEY

AMERICA is in a transition stage today. The whole world is in a transition stage today. America has cut loose from the conservatism of our fathers and penetrated deep into the wilderness of radicalism. This is true in our politics, in our statesmanship, in our social life, in our business life, in our point of view in all things. The change from a century ago has been insidious, revolutionary. The amassing of great fortunes, general prosperity, organized labor, the spirit of unrest, the spirit of bolshevism, the love of play, the demand for short working hours, the general dislike for work—all these are represented in the new idea, in the spirit of the times.

A country the size of America, a democracy, must have party government. There is no other way to manage it. No big concern can exist without organization, and the biggest business concern in the world to-day is the American Government. A democracy is a mutual concern managed by the citizens of the country. With a population of a hundred and ten millions, obviously the only way the individual citizen can make himself felt in the management of his business—and his Government is his business—is through a political party.

We are not lacking in party organization. Indeed, the Democratic and Republican parties are so strongly organized, have become so thoroughly intrenched in the field of politics, that it is a question if they have not become our masters, not our servants. In the early days of the Republic they represented distinct and positive ideas. But with these great fundamental ideas converted into history there are no longer any big outstanding issues between them that have any place in our politics. There are, to be sure, many small points on which the Republican and Democratic parties differ today. It is their business to differ, to create differences, to work up issues, without which they would cease to exist as political parties. It is the business of each party to oppose and to fight the acts and proposals of the other party. There is very little team work between the two parties in Congress and in our State legislatures given to constructive measures—very little team work given to the economies of government, given unselfishly to the interests of the Government and to the interests of the people.

The truth is that neither party has a sufficient margin of safety to justify it in taking chances on such cooperation; that neither party has sufficient margin of safety to justify it in forgetting for a minute the vote back home.

While this political jockeying has been going on since the great old issues disappeared, a new issue has developed that now divides all America into two political camps, as yet without political names. They are the radical camp and the conservative camp, and within each camp there is a wide range of thought and feeling. Some day, and not a very distant day at that, these two groups will evolve into organized political parties with names that signify what they stand for.

The names of the Republican and Democratic parties have no significance that fits the present day. Each means substantially the same thing—means a stand for popular government. Since, however, we are not by way of changing our form of government, these party names mean nothing.

If the two old parties can continue to do our work as well as strictly new parties could do it, I should certainly favor keeping them in the harness. It would be the easy way. But, personally, I do not believe they can deliver the goods, handicapped as they are by the accumulated prejudices of time. The salvation of our present situation would be a liberal conservative party, numerically strong enough to hold the balance of power against the radical forces.

There is no more conservative section of the country than the South. The conservative people of the South naturally belong with, and should line up with, the conservative people of the North. With new political parties this would be perfectly simple, while it is not possible with the old parties as separate entities in the field. The important thing in this situation is for our voters to enrol with the party that stands for the thing they stand for in their own hearts. And this is not possible with the Republican Party and the Democratic Party in the field. With these two old parties out of the way, the new political alignment of the people would obviously be in perfect accord with their sentiments.

Reconsecrated to liberal conservatism — liberal conservatism, in fact—our politics would be in much better shape than they are today, in much better shape than they have been since finishing the work for which the two old parties were originally formed. With radicalism the issue, with a radical party on the one hand and a liberal conservative party on the other, there would no longer be occasion in Congress and our State Legislatures for jockeying for issues.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, being an impecunious and more or less hand-to-mouth person, has always been, rather naively, perhaps, impressed with great philanthropies, large donations, and foundations of one kind or another. Particularly has he been awed at the way, during the last years of war, taxation, deflation, and hard times, the purse strings of the nation have been so often and so generously loosed for Belgian babies, devastated France, starving Russia, perishing Austria, flooded China, the Irish White Cross, Zionism, and a hundred other worthy causes. Now, however, he believes he has stumbled on the ultimate in swift generosity, in the welling up of human kindliness. It is an incident not reported in the press which the Drifter, adhering to *The Nation's* purpose to print what the newspapers should but often do not, gives his readers.

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IT was at the Temple Emanu-El on Prospect Avenue, Mount Vernon, on the evening of Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, most solemn day of the year for religious Jews. This particular synagogue is orthodox, small in membership, and not particularly wealthy. Rising in the pulpit Rabbi Elias Margolis spoke feelingly about the plight of the children in the Hebrew national orphan asylum nearby—how they were suffering from want of funds—lacking shoes, clothing, food, and medical attention. Women and even men in the congregation were moved to tears. More than that they were moved also to action. In fifteen minutes this congregation of eighty-five souls had pledged $55,000. But that was not all. Two dentists, Dr. Cooper and Dr. Feldman, tendered their services to the asylum gratis for a year. A physician, Dr. Scaison, made the same offer. Mr. Klein, a shoemaker, went even further; he offered to do the entire shoe repairing for the orphans, 270 children, for a year free of charge. But Dr. Margolis had not finished. These orphans cannot live by bread alone, he told his congregation, or words to that effect, and $1,000 more was subscribed to begin musical instruction for the children who appeared to have talent.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not much given to statistics, nor is he, as a rule, interested in comparisons, but he wonders whether the great giving epoch which we have just passed through contains anything more inspiring than the unrecorded episode of this little Mount Vernon synagogue. Of one thing he feels certain—that its pastor is a man of rare eloquence.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

William James and the Harvard Tradition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue of *The Nation* appear a number of arguments by Harvard students for the restriction of Jews in their university on the ground that the Jewish students are poor, that they are unsocial, and that they are too studious, too bookish, and too individual. In response to these arguments it will be interesting to bring forth the answer William James would have given to them were he living today. In his commencement speech in 1903 James made the following remarks: "Harvard is many things in one: a school, a forcing house for thought, and also a social club; and the club aspect is so strong, the family tie so close and subtle among our Bachelors of Arts, that all of us here who are in my plight, no matter how long we may have lived here, always feel like outsiders on Commencement Day. . . . In the successful sense, then, in the worldly sense, to be a college man, even a Harvard man, affords no sure guaranty for anything but a more educated cleverness in the service of popular idols and vulgar ends. Is there no inner Harvard within the outer Harvard which means definitely more than this—for which the outside men who come here in such numbers come? They come from the remotest outskirts of our country, without introductions, without school affiliations; special students, scientific students, graduate students, poor students of the college, who make their living as they go. They seldom or never darken the doors of the Pudding or the Porcellian; they hover in the background on days when the crimson color is most in evidence, but they nevertheless are intoxicated and exultant with the nourishment here; and their loyalty is deeper and subtler and more a matter of the inmost soul than the gregarious loyalty of the clubhouse pattern often is. . . . The university most worthy of rational admiration is that one in which your lonely thinker can feel himself least lonely, most positively furthered, and most richly fed. . . . As a nursery for independent and lonely thinkers Harvard is still in the van. Here they find the climate so propitious that they can be happy in their very solitude. The day when Harvard shall stamp a single hard and fast type of character upon her children will be that of her downfall. Our undisciplinables are our proudest product. Let us agree together in hoping that the output of them will never cease."

Columbia, Missouri, September 7 N. C. MARON

What Followed the Greek Defeat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the three years' occupation of Asia Minor by the Greek army, most people in Europe and America took it for granted that the peace of the Near East was secure, and that, the Greeks being the only trouble-makers in that part of the world, ways and means ought to be provided for their withdrawal, when everything would turn out to be as it ought to be. In the same line of thought was the argument that Turkey, once the Greek army was eliminated from Asia Minor, would gratefully return to its old friendships and become one of the pillars of peace and stability in the danger zone of the East.

All these calculations went by the board when the Greek army, following a sterile three-year campaign, and meeting political, diplomatic, economic, and moral disappointment on every side, finally gave way before the enemy and disappeared as a military factor in the Asia Minor problem. The Hellenic army had hardly withdrawn from Asia Minor before the gentlemen who run the destinies of Europe found to their utter astonishment and dismay that the Kemalist victory was more than they had bargained for. No sooner had Mustapha Kemal become the master of Asia Minor than he appeared before Europe as the arbiter of war and peace, not as the leader of a handful of Turkish irregulars, but as the greatest leader of the Eastern world next to Gandhi. It was also discovered that while Greece, which was in reality fighting the battles of the Allies, was abandoned and betrayed by those who ought to be her friends, Kemalist Turkey, which was receiving the lavish material and moral support of France, Italy, and Soviet Russia, was the standard-bearer of Islam, enjoying the absolute confidence and assistance of the whole Moslem world.

This fact dawned as a revelation before the astonished politicians of the Entente, whose petty jealousies and wranglings had given Nationalist Turkey the means to play one of them against the other in true Hamidian style. French policy, the guiding motive of which for the last two years has been a blind hatred of England, did her utmost in supporting Mustapha Kemal, in the hope that Turkey, once more reestablished in her ancient confines, would become an obedient vassal of France. What the Kaiser had done in a Turkey controlled by the pro-German Enver, France attempted to do in the Turkey controlled by Kemal, whose pro-French leanings have never been more obscure than they are now.

French policy in befriending Turkey had two objects in view: First, to become the predominant Mohammedan Power, if not in numbers of subjects of that faith, at least in popularity and prestige among them. This would be a heavy enough blow against British predominance in the East. In the second place, France, having successfully created a Greater Poland against Germany, desired to create a strong Islam against Russia, the idea being that a Greater Turkey owing its existence to French support, and rallying to its victorious banners the rest of the Moslem world, would form a bulwark against Soviet Russia, rather than side with Moscow in questions of Eastern policy.

In this diplomatic maneuver British policy was outplayed to the end, and France easily won the first game of the set.

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Britain, however, was careful not to abandon Constantinople and the Straits, and a Turkey without Constantinople and the Dardanelles and without a foothold in Europe cannot really amount to much. This is what Kemal clearly saw from the outset, and this is the reason why, notwithstanding all his attachment for France, he threw an anchor to windward and allied himself with Soviet Russia for just such an emergency.

So now Kemal, fully independent of France, poses as the militant leader of a Russo-Islamic alliance and challenges not only Great Britain, but the whole of the Entente as well. He asks outright for Constantinople and the Straits and Thrace, without giving any guaranties for his future behavior in Mesopotamia and Syria and Arabia and Palestine. France is for giving the Turk all he demands, while Great Britain is loath to give up Constantinople and the Straits. But Kemal also wants Soviet Russia to sign any and all arrangements between the Allies and Turkey, inasmuch as they affect the fate of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. This would entail recognition of Russia by France and to this French policy objects. At the same time, joint Russo-Islamic control of the Black Sea and Constantinople is not a prospect that suits the British plans.

New York, September 28 ADAMANTIOS T. POLYZOIDES

An Addition to the Drifter's Remedy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Drifter's remedy for the settlement of Europe's troubles would seem to be, in what Chesterton might call its wild simplicity, as excellent as it is startling. His argument is so convincing that one hesitates to offer any amendment. Yet I should like to make one suggestion. To his program of abolishing the teaching of history I would add the abolishing of settlement by politicians. Let all national representatives and conferees who meet for settlement of difficulties be plain, common men—men who have never held any political office whatever, and have shown no sign of such desire. With such fresh, unfettered minds in consultation, imagine how different might have been Versailles, Genoa, and even Washington. Imagine what might have happened had these conferences been managed by men who had not already been deep in the game and therefore had not imbibed so much of the "history" which the Drifter proposes to abolish.

Charlottesville, Virginia, September 13 J. H. DILLARD

Soviet Russia and the Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an admirer of your just and always truth-seeking journal I think it my duty to give some emendations to your editorial paragraph concerning Tikhon in your issue of June 28. The test for my impartiality is my being a Russian Jew and a believing one.

What is now going on in Russia is on the one side a persecution of every faith, on the other a robbery of churches, synagogues, and mosques. Neither the one nor the other can be defended by world democracy.

The part of Tikhon, the patriarch of the Russian church, is perfectly clear. In several sermons Tikhon expressed himself against the persecutions of faith. The tone was so moderate that for a long time even the Bolsheviks did not dare take steps against him. When the question of the requisition of valuables from the churches was raised, the Bolsheviks addressed themselves to Tikhon for help. Tikhon answered that of course all valuable things in the churches must be sold for the starving population but "conditio sine qua non" was the control of reliable representative men during the requisition so that the money might not be spent for other purposes than helping the starving (communist propaganda in Europe, Asia, and America!). Of course the Bolsheviks refused this condition, which was quite unacceptable for them, the relief of the starving people being a mere pretext.

Now the Bolsheviks began their fight against Tikhon, who is generally considered in all non-communist Russia as the highest moral authority and almost the single one. They arrested him with many archbishops and clergymen. Many bishops, priests orthodox and Catholic, and rabbis, were condemned by the Bolshevik courts, and the Bolshevik court is a mere mockery of justice, a caricature. Many orthodox clergymen, among them archbishops, were executed. I am afraid that in the future the responsibility for this blood so brutally shed will fall not on the Moscow Government, but on innocent Jews.

In their struggle with the orthodox clergy the Bolsheviks gathered several scores of priests—principally from the followers of Rasputin (the famous peasant debaucher, the first person at the court of Czarina Alexandria, whose killing in 1916 was the beginning of the Russian revolution), from the "black hundred," stuffed them with money, and staged "the democratic church" to counterbalance Tikhon.

The Bolsheviks succeeded in bringing about the retirement of Tikhon by offering him an ultimatum: either he must retire voluntarily or the death warrants pronounced against the condemned priests would be fulfilled. Tikhon chose the first. His successor is the archbishop Antoninus. The non-communist Russian press of today in Paris and Berlin, socialist and democratic, qualifies Antoninus as a person *sans foi et loi*, a women lover and debaucher, avaricious, a man without dignity. He has naturally nothing against the robbery of churches.

In the conditions of the now-existing Russian realities I, a believing, religious Jew, feel much more sympathy with Tikhon, the victim of persecution and candidate for a scaffold, than with the Jewish Bolsheviks who arrest Jewish teachers and children for reading the Bible, or who send Jewish women especially on the Yom Kippur day to clean the closets in the barracks of the Red Army or force them to wash the dirty soldiers' linen on the same holy day.

Wilmersdorf, Berlin, July 16 NICOLAS SORIN,
Sometime member of the Petersburg Bar, the staff of Miliukov's *Retch* and editor of the Jewish-Russian *Rasswiet*, all suppressed by the Bolsheviki.

Against All Evidence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the payment of reparations by Germany, after notorious reductions made of necessity in January and March, 1922, have broken down so utterly that even Poincaré and the New York *Times* seem to recognize the impossibility of the reparation demands, it is well to call attention to the leading editorial of the *Times*, under date of Wednesday, September 7, 1921. That editorial read:

> The payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks, due on August 31, was comfortably managed by the German Government. And the leading German financiers and industrialists are now admitting that Germany will be able to meet the successive instalments of the bill for reparations. "We can pay," quietly says Walter Rathenau. Doubtless he means payment largely in materials, by such agreements extending over a period of years as he has just been negotiating with M. Loucheur for France. But in one way or another Germany is now confident that she can pay.
>
> This will be a sad blow to Mr. Keynes. He has been going over the figures of German reparations again and has asserted that the financial burden placed by them upon Germany is greater than she can bear. Mr. Keynes is positive that the whole reparation scheme will break down in two years. Meanwhile the Germans go on paying and are more and more cheerful about the long future. It might almost seem that one of their motives is to spite the English expert! They will show him how greatly he underestimates German ability. But, of course, they can really have only the kindest feelings for Mr. Keynes, who has in so many ways shown himself more pro-German than the Germans themselves.

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This editorial is cited as typical of the stupid, envenomed, and malicious attitude of the *Times* on most public questions. In their perverted views on the German and European economic position, they have subjected to the excoriation of pro-Germanism and ridicule every sane suggestion for amelioration of reparations, the root of most of the trouble. Keynes would seem to have been fully vindicated, and the misguided tories on the *Times* editorial staff again make a lamentable spectacle. This would matter little but for the fact that the uninformed public is influenced by the distorted malevolence and the prejudices of the *Times* editorial page. Their obsession about the origin of the war and the sole German responsibility is apparently proof against all the evidence adduced by Pevet, Fay, Welschinger, and other students of the original documents. Reviewers are picked apparently for their subservience to editorial opinions, and this seems to be the case with some of their European correspondents like Edwin James and Cyril Brown. It is a national misfortune that news columns which, apart from certain international propaganda, are fairly good, should be marred by an editorial page which strikes the most degrading plane of newspaper unfairness and reaction. Informed students of public affairs know how to discount its editorial shafts and effusions and find in its opinions and predictions a fairly accurate guide to what probably will not happen. But the less informed are daily subjected to one of the most subversive influences in American public life, and therein lies cause for much concern. One can only hope and pray that the *Times* editors' digestion will not go back on them!

Orange, N. J., September 27 A. B. GREENE

Dogs in Peace; Men in War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We anti-vivisectionists used to be told before the war that the only object of vivisection was the saving of human lives. I am sure that this was said in perfect good faith, and that it represented truly the convictions of those who said it. And on that account I am sure that now some of those defenders of the fair name of vivisection will protest against the use the government is making of it to obtain a more potent poison gas, the "dew of death." Dogs, I believe, are being sent from the Newark pound to Edgewood arsenal to be used for this purpose. It was well known to the humane societies during the war that the Jersey City S. P. C. A. furnished dogs for the government's experiments in gas and flame.

Manchester, Vermont, August 16 S. N. CLEGHORN

They Saved $4 a Ton on Coal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the outline by Dr. J. P. Warbasse of a constructive plan for ownership and control of the coal mines by the consumers, in your issue of September 13, I am reminded of a successful experiment in cooperative coal distribution by the consumers of Lehighton, Pa.

Lehighton has a little cooperative society whose directors observed that the coal consumers of their town were being robbed by the distributers. It was decided to go direct to the mines to buy their coal supply. But the Lehigh Valley Coal Company and other large companies refused to sell the consumers coal direct. The cooperators from Lehighton tanked up their Fords with more gas, began a systematic tour of the coal fields, and finally came upon a little independently owned colliery where the directors were already assembled to decide whether they had not better shut down for lack of business. The two directorates, one looking for a customer, the other looking for coal, talked business, and soon came to an agreement.

How can you start in the coal business without capital? This is the way they did it. Having ordered one car of coal, a few of the cooperators signed personal notes at the bank and paid for the car. Having no place to put their coal, they went to a fellow-townsman who owned a plot of land near a railroad siding, and bought the land for a promise of future payment. Then, with cement and sand and stone, and all the volunteer labor they could use, they built four large open bins near the siding. A portable elevator which would carry the coal from the car into the bins and from the bins into a truck, was procured, just as the coal had been, by a small note and easy payments.

And so started the cooperative coal business, April, 1921. The private dealers had been selling 2,000 pounds to the ton. The new dealers sold 2,200 pounds to the ton. The private dealers had been making more than $4 a ton profit. The cooperators lowered the price between $2 and $3, gave the customers the extra 200 pounds, to which they were entitled, sold the highest quality coal instead of the mixture of slate, dirt, and coal that others sold, and saved the consumer about $4 on every ton of coal bought. By the end of the year the cooperative association had sold 97 carloads (4,200 tons) of coal, had paid for the elevator, owed nothing to the bank, owned their own land and their own bins, and had paid off one-third of the value of their new coal truck. Two men are employed regularly getting coal to the customers, and the cooperative association is doing the largest coal business in town. It has saved the people of Lehighton over $14,000 by reducing the price and giving the long ton.

The experience of the cooperative society at Lehighton in the coal business suggests the possibility of reorganizing the coal industry of the country through the development of coal distribution by the consumers.

Philadelphia, September 14 CEDRIC LONG

The Docile American-Born

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Newton Nichols, who writes on Americanization in your issue of September 6, thinks that the miners would not work and live under such miserable conditions if they were not largely "Slav and South European." "The Anthracite Coal Industry," by Peter Roberts, or the chapter on The Coal Miners in Isaac A. Hourwich's book, "Immigration and Labor," would inform him that the miners have wrested improvement from the owners precisely as the proportion of Slavs and South Europeans has increased; and that their state is worse today in West Virginia, with a large proportion of Americans and a relatively small proportion of Slavs and South Europeans, than in Pennsylvania, where the American miners are relatively few and the Slav and South Europeans are many.

I will quote a single sentence from the Report of the Industrial Commission (vol. xv, p. 409): "The present high wages of the Southern field are not, therefore, owing to a higher standard of living or superior capacity for organization of Americans as compared with foreigners, but are owing to the initiative and interference of foreigners, who, in self-protection, forced the Americans to a higher position than the one they were willing to accept."

Ithaca, N. Y., September 14 CHARLES E. EDGERTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to rewrite a passage in Mr. William Newton Nichols's article on Americanization in *The Nation* of September 6: "I am proud that I was one of the Cossacks who rode down workmen fighting for a decent living in 1892. I am proud that my son was gullible enough to enlist and die to protect Morgan's investments in Europe. I am proud that another son is being trained to be fitted to do his part in the coming struggle to keep the workers from possessing the full product of their toil."

Does Mr. William Newton Nichols like his sources of pride when they are put in plain English?

San Francisco, September 10 MIRIAM DE FORD SHIPLEY

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In the Chess Club

By BEN RAY REDMAN

He'd sit for hours and work his puzzles out:
White's move to mate in three, or Black to move
And mate in four. A wheezy, smothered shout
Announced each cunning conquest. Some strange groove,
Deep in his old brain, always led him straight
Past pitfalls to the complicated mate.

"No problem, boys, that I can't solve," he'd say;
And all the boys, graybeards the most, would try
To prick the bubble of his boast. Each day
A dozen problems, posed with hopeful eye,
Would go the ordered way of all the rest.
The old man gloated with a shameless zest.

He had retired from playing long before,
And now he held his corner like a fort;
Over his chessmen he would guard the door,
As footfalls sounded promise of new sport.
"No puzzle I can't solve tonight," he'd shout.
"Come on, you youngsters, trot your latest out."

At last his clubmates branded him a pest,
And left him with his problems all alone;
The old man sulked, but no one ever guessed
How deep the wound had gone into his bone:
He'd glumly sit in his accustomed chair,
And move the pieces with a palsied care.

They set him down a pest; and yet they found
The club a strangely unfamiliar place,
After that night when, with no warning sound,
He sprawled across the board upon his face;
The careful pattern of his men resolved
To chaos, his last puzzle still unsolved.

I Was Thinking

By HILDA CONKLING

I was thinking
The tenderness children need
Is in soft shadow-things;
Is a kind of magic . . .
Petals of a dark pansy . . .
Cloudy wings . . .
(But the sun can touch me
With fingertips like flowers.)

And the tenderness children need
Is in old thoughts and songs of all the world
People have not forgotten.

It is in the way mothers look at tired children.
It is in the half-voice fathers use,
Feeling some surprise and gladness
To see their children there at all.

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Books

Captives and Heroes

The Singing Captives. By E. B. C. Jones. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The House of Adventure. By Warwick Deeping. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Flowing Gold. By Rex Beach. Harper and Brothers. $2.

LAST year the first novel of Miss E. B. C. Jones gave an impression of distinctly individual talent, and her new one so confirms that impression that her personality demands definition—especially since the two novels seem sufficient to indicate it pretty clearly. "Quiet Interior" was the title given the first, and that title happily defines her quality, for in the treatment of her themes, as well as in the choice of them, she seems consciously to avoid direct contact with passionate experience and her chief characters stand somehow aloof. "The Singing Captives," it is true, implies passion, for it involves the death of the heroine's dearly beloved fiancé and a love on the part of the hero sufficiently intense to send him into a misalliance, yet Miss Jones prefers to treat both of these crises by implication, the one in retrospect and the other as seen through the dispassionate eyes of the heroine. She is preoccupied with reverberation and aftermath, seeming to have a positive distaste for the crude clash of actual happenings and lavishing her attention upon events after they have ceased to be dynamic and become static. Hence delicacy rather than strength, fastidiousness rather than force are her prime virtues, but she is a remarkably skilful analyst of subdued character and subdued event.

The heroine of "Quiet Interior" was held captive by an unrequited love and her story was one of gradual effacement; the singing captives are prisoners of upper middle-class environment, sheltered from the physical realities by their father's money and from the realities of the spirit by the quiet round of respectable family and social life. Inevitably they grow up trivial, but reality forces itself upon the oldest son through his experiences in the war and upon the daughter Caroline through grief at the death of her lover. Yet both are so tightly tied to the routine of life that contact with realities does no more than make them conscious of their captivity, than turn them, as one of the characters says, into croaking ravens while the shallower sister remains a twittering canary. Caroline nurses her grief and retires with her puzzled will into the superiority of what is called in a typically fine phrase "the aristocracy of grief," and through her eyes we see the whole family group from the self-contained father to the fidgeting mother fighting desperately against boredom.

A more subtly distinguished group of mediocre people is not often encountered in a contemporary novel and it is the gradual revelation of these personalities rather than the thin thread of plot which constitutes the movement of the book. Significantly enough, when the family fortune is lost and the captives are to be released to try their wings, the book closes; when the curtain rises upon action Miss Jones retires, for she has consecrated herself, it would seem, to the study of inhibited wills. There are obvious limitations to her method, with its attention constantly focused upon the back-wash of reflection and her almost morbid preoccupation with frustrations, but within these limitations she is a very considerable artist. One is permitted, however, to remark that the heroines of both her novels surrender life after a single blow and seem to relapse almost contentedly into resignation and an acceptance of the fact that life has passed them by. It cannot but be suspected that there is some corresponding trait in the author's character, a luxuriating in spiritual helplessness and a lack of that defiant vitality which makes the greatest writers as well as the greatest men.

A taste for novels like "The Singing Captives" is a cultivated one and the fruit of much reading; the taste for those like "The House of Adventure" is purely innate. Whenever a story is as completely and continuously pleasant as this novel one may be sure that its appeal is not to the intellect. Thinking is at best too strenuous not to be slightly irksome and only dreaming is wholly agreeable. No one ever got from Tolstoi the same pure pleasure which he once had from reading "Tom the Bootblack," for the latter was only his own dreams given an organized form. "The House of Adventure" belongs to this literature of dreams. Of course people of mature age and intellect are less easily subjected to this sort of hypnotism and the dream must be more carefully rationalized and disguised, but when it is well done it can still work its wonders. Mr. Deeping's novel tells the story of a young Englishman, technically a deserter from the army, who finds a ruined French village, sets up a home for himself, and then, as the inhabitants gradually drift back, reorganizes the life of the town. It is thus a "war book" and one might discuss it as an expression of the indomitable spirit following the war, but only a foolish critic would do so, for the war has nothing essential to do with the interest of the book. When the hero, searching for materials, stumbles upon a box of tools it is simply Crusoe over again, and the war does no more than furnish a credible desert isle. The indomitable hero begins life anew and triumphs over all difficulties and all villains as we should like to triumph, and we are tricked, as we are tricked by all good romance, into being for a time vicarious heroes.

Rex Beach's "Flowing Gold" also belongs, no doubt, with the literature of escape, for it must be chiefly anemic clerks who read these stories of his which are, as the publisher's jacket says, "pulsating with the lure" of man's battle against man, though the reviewer has spent some agonized moments trying to imagine what a "lure" does when it pulsates. As surely as Mr. Deeping's romance is brought within the range of criticism by its sophistication and craftsmanship just so surely is Mr. Beach's book excluded by its crudity and conventionality. It is a matter to be wondered at that the lovers of such stories of adventure insist that their favorite authors be spiritually so little adventurous. In the course of his various romances Mr. Beach has led us into strange and dangerous regions of the earth; why does he always remain in such safe and familiar regions of the mind?

J. W. KRUTCH

The American Revolution

The Causes of the War of Independence. By Claude H. Van Tyne. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

DURING the last twenty years scholars have been busy investigating the formative period of our national history, and their labor has yielded a rich harvest. They have brought to light much that was previously unknown and have reinterpreted old knowledge in the light of new. Their findings call for thoroughgoing revision of many earlier views and judgments, but the results of their researches, scattered through a host of specialized treatises, monographs, and journal articles, have not been available for the ordinary unleisured citizen. What Mr. Van Tyne has done, and it was a work well worth doing, is to put his reader abreast of this recent scholarship, to synthesize for him the newer points of view. The present volume on the Revolution is to be followed by two others which will bring the story through the adoption of the Constitution, the whole to constitute "A History of the Founding of the American Republic."

In his old age John Adams distinguished between the American Revolution and the War of Independence. "The Revolution," he said, "was effected before the war commenced. The Revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people." It is with the Revolution understood in this sense that Mr. Van Tyne deals in this volume, leaving for subsequent treatment the history of the war, on which he has already published a well-known volume in Professor Hart's "American Nation." What Burke called the "fierce spirit of liberty" in the American colonies was a deep-lying cause of the Revolution, and Mr. Van Tyne begins, appropriately, with a review of the conditions of life during

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a century and a half of colonial history that fostered local self-government and made of the Englishmen who emigrated to the New World and their descendants a people different in important respects from those who remained at home.

In discussing England's old colonial policy he reminds us that we ought not to judge it by present-day standards. If it was based on trade restriction and monopoly, so in those days of mercantilism when "nobody saw a reason for colonies except for business ends" was the colonial policy of every other nation. And if Great Britain was unable to solve the insistent problems of imperial reorganization raised by the Seven Years' War, it can at any rate be said that she had no precedents to guide her, nothing to learn from the experience of other empires. "It was not as if wisdom cried out in the street and no man regarded, for it was only with generations more of experience that England could find a solution." Adam Smith was a hostile critic of the British colonial system, but even he conceded that it was more liberal than that of any other nation, and no fair-minded student who examines the evidence for such a statement is likely to dissent from the judgment, nor from Mr. Van Tyne's when he says that "the freest of colonists were the first to rebel." Such measures as those against which Americans protested—the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act, the Townshend duties, and the rest—would not have kindled the fires of revolution in the despotically governed colonies of Spain, Portugal, or France, for they would not have been regarded as grievances. The rights claimed by the Americans and the aspirations cherished were incompatible with the status of colonies. Could a higher status be found for them within the empire or only by secession from it? That, really, was the problem that confronted Englishmen and Americans during the years of controversy preceding 1776.

Mr. Van Tyne's narrative of the course of events during those years is in the main excellent. It is based to a large extent on the writings of recent investigators, Beer, Alvord, Becker, Cross, and Schlesinger, to mention only a few of them. If it does not afford any positive evidence that the author has spent twenty years in the archives of America, France, and England, as the publishers proclaim, it at least reveals a very extensive knowledge of the printed sources for the history of the period and of the secondary literature. The author is to be commended for having taken pains with his characters. Grenville, Shelburne, Townshend, Otis, and "the brace of Adamses" appear in his pages as something more than names, and Paul Revere, the revolutionary "centaur," ever on horseback, is worthy of a Lytton Strachey. Perhaps Mr. Van Tyne does less than justice to the serious discussion of the imperial problem that took place on both sides of the Atlantic and the proposals that were made for the reorganization of the empire. Pitt's ideas on the subject were not quite as nebulous as represented (p. 97); the Loyalist controversialists might well have received more attention, and Galloway's plan should have been described. We are grateful, however, for the thoughtful analysis of the conflicting theories of representation and of the British Constitution held in England and America.

There are some errors and inconsistencies to which a candid review should call attention. It is an anachronism to say, in speaking of the time before 1776, that Adam Smith *had* favored the representation of the colonies in Parliament (p. 214), and a much more serious one to reckon the industrial revolution and its effects on England as a factor in explaining the growing breach between the mother country and the colonies (p. 313). To hold George III and Lord North responsible for the dismemberment of the empire (p. 273) is scarcely consistent with the view that it was "foreordained" (p. 312). It is disconcerting to be told that "the American habits of obedience" were broken by the Stamp Act (p. 278) after learning that the Americans had no habits of obedience (chapters II, III, V). Having expressed the opinion that it was the East India Company's monopoly of the sale of tea in the colonies, and not the tea tax, that caused the trouble (p. 376), the author quotes with approval Burke's statement that it was the tax (p. 408). If the First Continental Congress "was not thought of as a law-making body" (p. 438), it is hard to understand in what sense their adoption of the Association "bound" their constituents (p. 442). Burke's bill of 1782 makes one wonder why proposals for economic reform were "beyond the reaches of the eighteenth-century souls" (p. 138). It would have been wiser to leave Earl Simon and Edward I out altogether than to call them "creators of the House of Commons" (p. 457).

"I want to know what happened, not what the man thinks," was Lord Salisbury's protest against philosophical reflections on the part of historians. We cannot complain that Mr. Van Tyne does not tell us what happened, and in view of his excellent and scholarly narrative of the antecedents of the War of Independence perhaps we should not begrudge him occasional rather amateurish excursions into the realm of philosophical interpretations.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

John Bull's Jester

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England. Vols. III and IV. By Charles L. Graves. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $10.

IN the two volumes recently added to the chronicle of that robust old bourgeois, Mr. Punch of London, Charles L. Graves has striven to condense all the sense and nonsense in the magazine from 1874 to 1914. That he has failed to produce an epoch-making or even an interesting narrative is not necessarily his fault. The scope of Punch is so wide that the wit is spread thin. The old gentleman was indefatigable. If he knew nothing of a subject, he would, after the true middle-class manner, comment anyhow, and nothing was too sublime or ridiculous to escape his puns.

Punch as he grows into middle age becomes a gentle old soul except for a few *bête noires*. The ferocity of his bark exceeds that of his bite and he is a fervent believer in "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum." He glories in memorial verses and birthday poems. And his death odes are in many cases palinodes—a word Mr. Graves is fond of. While the attitude of Punch varies according to the inclination of the individual members of the staff, the magazine as a whole manages to keep a fairly consistent middle-of-the-road course. It delights in pillorying extremists. Mr. Punch is always wary of the radical despite the fact that he championed the rights of the workingman when that was considered a heresy.

In the period taken up by the first of these two volumes, Mr. Punch is a consistent hater of Disraeli and is to that extent a Gladstonian, even though he differed widely from Gladstone on the Irish home-rule bills. Mr. Graves censures Punch for his rabid anti-Irish policy. In principle Punch was anti-imperialist. But when the additions to the territory of England were made secure, the old gentleman was inordinately proud of them and he became a true believer in the call to empire and the divine right of the English nation.

Punch is a hundred-percenter in the matter of national security and he exhibited alarm at the antics of the Kaiser Wilhelm II when he came to the throne of Prussia. He respected Bismarck but he had little faith in the new monarch. It was on this phase of international politics that *Punch* produced one of its greatest cartoons, Tenniel's Dropping the Pilot, published in 1890.

In the realm of literature and the fine arts, Punch is scarcely worth considering as a critic. He shows amazing versatility in his opinions but is at heart a philistine. He would enjoy a vaudeville performance much more than a finished piece of dramatic art. Punch saw red whenever the aesthetic movement was mentioned in the eighties. His judgment has been warped ever since. Although he preserves much of his pre-Raphaelite attitude during these years, he welcomes Whistler as a master etcher and takes joy in prodding the Royal Academy whenever he finds an opportunity. Later on Ibsen and

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Maeterlinck are his chief butts and even Rostand gets his share. Bernard Shaw is never quite accepted and Wells receives little notice.

The cartoons are consistently good. In coining epigram Punch also excels. His satire and burlesque are on the whole good although sometimes labored. In verse that weapon of satire, the heroic couplet, is used extensively. Later the Gilbertian vein is apparent.

Being a conservative devoted to the classics and probably a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, Mr. Punch loads his pages with classical allusions. Parodies are another form of his pedantry, but many of them are skilful.

In many respects Punch is a prophet. Often he builded better than he knew. Yet in other matters his vision is limited. His attitude in the days just preceding the World War is an example of his obtuseness. On the eve of the outbreak of hostilities Punch, seeing no sign of danger in a region contiguous to the end of his elongated nose, jested extravagantly at the thought of war. Mr. Graves prefers to regard these utterances not as a failure to read the signs of the times but "as proofs that Punch, like the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, neither expected nor desired war." Well, it is possible that what Mr. Graves says is true with regard to both Punch and his fellow-countrymen. It will be a moot question even after the New Zealander sketches the ruins of St. Paul's.

ALFRED S. DASHIELL

A Voice in the Wilderness

La Guerre de 1914. Comment on Mobilisa les Consciences. By Georges Demartial. Paris-Rome-Geneva: Editions des Cahiers Internationaux. 7½ francs.

AN impartial observer of European affairs has no difficulty in recognizing that in the last eight years no nation has been stirred up against its neighbor to such an extent as the French have been against the Germans. The never-forgotten defeat of 1870, the loss of the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, the ever-increasing political tension in the years before the outbreak of the Great War, especially the misrepresentation of the Morocco intrigues, all fertilized the ground for the intellectual campaign against Germany which, favored by the conduct of the Germans and by certain French peculiarities, seized in August, 1914, almost the whole French nation and still holds it in its grasp. The Russian general mobilization of July 30, 1914, which brought about the fateful German ultimatums, was purposely kept secret from the French people, and the conviction was hammered into their minds by their rulers that Germany had treacherously attacked France without the slightest reason. Then the lawless invasion of Belgium, the ridiculously exaggerated German atrocities, the military occupation of eight French departments with their manifold sufferings and so forth were all only too willingly used to accomplish the moral destruction of Germany.

Georges Demartial has just published the unique history of this intellectual campaign. It is a work of extraordinary courage and a proof of the high-mindedness of this noble Frenchman. Demartial was assistant director in the Colonial Office, has received a great many distinctions, and is an officer of the Legion of Honor. Before the war he was a member of the three societies: Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, Union pour la Vérité, and Ligue pour l'Education Morale. In 1916 he took a leading position in the Société d'Etudes Documentaires et Critiques sur la Guerre, which has done such splendid work toward clearing up the causes of the war. Demartial was the first Frenchman who, after the censorship was abolished, in his admirable pamphlet "Les Responsabilités de la Guerre, le Patriotisme et la Vérité" (translated into four languages; American edition, Huebsch) dared to contest the unscrupulously propagated thesis that Germany alone was responsible for the war. On this subject he is at present engaged in preparing an exhaustive work, of which the book on the mobilization of the conscience is a forerunner.

In this book Demartial refutes especially the arguments of the well-known historian Lavisse, who exercised his entire influence to degrade Germany. With the use of an enormous material, mostly French, Demartial demonstrates that all the one-sided accusations against Germany regarding war criminals, breaking of treaties, the manner of waging war, etc., can more or less be applied to France and her Allies. The portions dealing with Belgium and the French "national vanity" are exceedingly interesting. The author is not one of those who take pleasure in throwing mud at their own country, but he is an upright searcher for truth who wants to see his country act above reproach.

Demartial makes a good suggestion, that the Carnegie Institute which already in 1913 inquired into the atrocities committed in the Balkan wars, should examine and make a report about all the lawless and outrageous deeds done by all belligerents during the Great War. That would be the way finally to heal these sores.

To characterize Demartial's personality I will quote from one sentence out of his book, in which he offers to shake hands with the Germans, not out of political policy or from any wish for personal gain, "but exclusively from moral fairness, as I would shake hands with any one who is baselessly defamed and unjustly condemned."

Such words of simple nobility of soul can never resound without an echo. The book may do a great deal toward clearing the international atmosphere and toward mobilizing the intellects and the hearts of the nations against the deathly poison of hate, revenge, contempt, and calumny.

HERMANN LUTZ

Books in Brief

The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon and Other Humorous Stories. By Richard Connell. Doran. $2.

Preposterous, hilarious, delicious yarns in the tradition of H. C. Bunner and O. Henry, with much amusing topical satire.

The Wonder Book of Chemistry. By Jean-Henri Fabre. Century. $2.50.

An admirable series of familiar conversations between "Uncle Paul," who is essentially Fabre himself, and Jules and Emile, who are essentially Fabre's sons, about the chemistry of ordinary life.

Random Memories. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Pleasant reminiscences by a son of the poet, chiefly concerned with the father's personality and friends and with the son's travels and painting.

Andrew Marvell 1621-1678. Edited by W. H. Bagguley. Oxford. $2.

A collection of tercentenary tributes to one of the greatest of minor poets, here honored with the sort of homage one might expect from men like Augustine Birrell, Edmund Gosse, J. C. Squire, and with a remarkably, though not unexpectedly, brilliant essay by T. S. Eliot.

The Eighteen-Nineties. By Holbrook Jackson. Knopf. $5.

A handsome reprint, long called for, of a book which ought to be associated with the memory of the English decadents of the end of the last age as Vasari's lives are associated with his painters and sculptors.

Clio. By Anatole France. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Five episodes of history, as real as need be, from the time of the death of Homer to the time of Napoleon's return from Saint-Jean-d'Acre. Anatole France, though this is not one of his greater books, here lounges with his Olympian ease through time and space, lucid as the sun, ironical as history itself. Only he could say of the two rich Atrebates killed by Marcus An-

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tonius to set an example to the others that "they died doubting Roman justice." Only he could make Farinata degli Uberti say: "In civil war alone can one display a discerning mind, an inflexible soul, and the fortitude of a heart filled with anger or with love."

The English Traveller in America 1785-1835. By Jane Louise Mesick. Columbia University. $2.50.

An excellent monograph on the ways and fruits of those Britons who during the first century of this republic came to see what their late colonies were doing and to report to the few who had to stay at home and do their approving or disapproving there.

The Significance of Sinclair Lewis. By Stuart P. Sherman. Harcourt, Brace. 10 cents.

To the casual eye a publicity pamphlet, this is really a distinguished critical performance and is hereby recommended to all who imagine that Mr. Sherman has shut his eyes to what is going on.

The Influence of Milton on English Poetry. By Raymond Dexter Havens. Harvard University. $7.50.

The trail of no other English poet has been followed with such care through posterity as Milton has here been followed.

Incognita: or, Love and Duty Reconcil'd. By William Congreve. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

The first reprint since 1743 of the first book, and only novel, of that ingenious wit who was the James Branch Cabell of his age.

Walt Whitmans Werk. Ausgewählt, übertragen und eingeleitet von Hans Reisiger. Berlin: S. Fischer. 2 vols.

A distinguished achievement which Thomas Mann has called "diese grosse, wichtige, ja heilige Gabe" and "ein kleines Meisterwerk der Liebe."

Music

The Salzburg Festival

IT is seldom that the genius of a dead master can further in a material way the aspirations of the living, or that the living can in turn reciprocate by reendowing with spiritual significance what was fast becoming a mere ritual. This phenomenon took place recently at Salzburg when that town inaugurated the International Chamber Music Festival as a preliminary to its regular Mozart celebration. The latter was originated some twenty years ago by Lilli Lehmann, and since then, except for the hiatus caused by the war, has always drawn an annual pilgrimage of music lovers from all over the world. This year a young Serbian composer and pianist, Rudolf Réti, conceived the idea of utilizing this general musical impulse for the broader purpose of bringing together the creative musicians of all nations for an exchange of ideas and at the same time helping the critics and the public to a more comprehensive understanding of modern musical thought and its tendencies. Réti, who has spent the greater part of his life in Vienna, apparently had no difficulty in securing the cooperation of his fellow standard-bearers there, as well as a sympathetic and personal response, if no actual assistance, from those of other countries. Receiving further the support of Richard Strauss, musical director of the festival proper, the movement eventually assumed the importance of being the first international musical gathering since the war. Fifteen countries were covered in all, and there were about fifty-eight names on the program.

Unfortunately, the whole thing was too hastily improvised to make a proper study of the situation, with the result that the composers chosen were not always representative of their countries, nor their works representative of themselves. It was astonishing, for instance, to see Ernest Bloch and Percy Grainger listed as Americans, whereas Lee Sowerby was the only native composer selected. And while the names of Pizzetti, Malipiero, and Castelnuovo Tedesco are representative in themselves of the Italy of today, two songs by the first and one by the second were scarcely adequate to show the musical richness of the one or the technical mastery of the other. England was represented in song by such men as Holst, Bliss, Goosens, and Gibbs, and Spain by Manuel de Falla, though songs are scarcely enough to show the strength and variety of a nation's musical growth. Of these, Arthur Bliss's "Rout," which treats the voice merely as one of the ensemble instruments, was alone indicative of the modern tendency to use the voice as an accompanying rather than as a solo instrument. This was again exemplified in the second and third movements of the second string quartet by Schoenberg, who practically originated the idea, and who carried it to its extreme limits in his more recent "Pierrot Lunaire." For that matter, however, one has only to hear any song of the ultra modern schools with string ensemble to realize how utterly inadequate the piano is as a conjunctive instrument. Another interesting manifestation of the Schoenbergian influence was the string quartet of Anton Webern, whom Schoenberg considers his most gifted pupil and "more modern than Strawinsky." Indeed, the "atonalities" of this Viennese School make the cacophanies of the others, even of the terrible "Six," seem very mild. In contrast the Scandinavian, as represented by Rangström, Atterberg, Hamerik, and Schierbeck, seemed hopelessly old-fashioned. The Germans, too, seemed to lag far behind, while, on the other hand, the other Northern races, even with the Russian émigrés omitted, loomed up fairly strong in the Hungarians, Bartok and Kodály, and in the Pole, Szymanowski. Among the greatest of all must be reckoned the Swiss master, Ernest Bloch, concerned not so much with experiments as with the exposition of his own soul, and who, in accents now harsh and barbaric, now tender or ecstatic, has perhaps sounded greater depths of self-expression than any of his contemporaries. He was represented by his violin and piano sonata, played by Carl Friedberg and Joseph Szigeti, and by a piano and 'cello arrangement of "Schelomo." The greatest of modern Frenchmen, Ravel, was merely heard in his brilliant piano composition "Gaspard de la Nuit."

That the men of today have diverged widely from the old beaten tracks was emphasized at the very beginning. Out of compliment to Strauss the program opened with some of his newest songs. These were pleasing enough, yet seemed to come from an epoch so far away that the gulf between their composer, once the arch-revolutionist of his time, and Schoenberg, who closed the program, was more or less symbolized by the fifty-six intervening names on the program. As it was, one was forced to the conclusion that the cerebral experiments of Arnold Schoenberg are the most potent influence in modern musical expression. One could not fail to notice also how boldly England is striking out for herself. It is regrettable that an opportunity was not given to note America's beginnings, nor Italy's remarkable return to "pure" music. However, the "signs of the times" ought to be more visible at the next Festival if the plans projected at the close of this do not go astray. Temporary representatives have already been selected for some of the countries whose duty it will be to organize local groups by November 15. These latter will in turn elect program committees to pass upon manuscripts intended for performance, while Schoenberg, Busoni, Ravel, Strawinsky, and Sibelius are to be invited to join an honorary committee. The administrative headquarters will be at the offices of the British Music Society, London, but the general meeting will most probably take place in Vienna.

Should these plans result in highly representative programs, the Mozart performances will no doubt eventually recede into the background. If this happens it will be due not so much to lack of interest in the music itself as in the dulness which attends its presentation. Of the two concerts and four operas given, the performance of "Cosi Fan Tutte" alone stands out as an unqualified delight. The Vienna State Opera stages its

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presentations excellently, and it has some superb artists in Mesdames Hüni-Mihacsek, Kurz, Anday, and Schumann, and in Herr Zek, a magnificent basso profundo, but neither the orchestra nor its directors are all that can be desired. Herr Schalk took his tempi at a speed that not only broke all traditions but that made it almost physically impossible for the singers to follow, while Dr. Strauss's beat was noticeably lacking in vitality. The orchestral raggedness was perhaps less blameworthy, as the general European custom of paying the men by the performance rather than by a regular salary naturally tends to economy of rehearsals, especially under the present condition of Austrian finances. As for the Hofmannsthal-Reinhardt production, "Das grosse Welttheater von Salzburg," staged in the lovely old baroque Collegiumkirche, the text, inspired by an old Spanish miracle play by Calderon, was von Hofmannsthal at his dreariest. Its only distinction was its setting, the simple hangings of red cloth against the gray walls of the church, the equal simplicity of the red screens on the stage, and the clever lighting giving a striking medieval effect. After all, one's quarrel was with the atmosphere, not with the purpose of the Mozart Festival. Whether it was that initial enthusiasm had been gradually absorbed by years of repetition, certainly the rites were in themselves scarcely worth the pilgrimage. Although that delicate, sparkling cascade of melody at first struck the ear deliciously after those preceding ten days of bewildering sound, in the end it palled from very sweetness.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Concerning Faith

JOHN GALSWORTHY is driving his researches deeper and deeper into the ideas and urges by which men live. He does not merely motivate action and reaction. Without a trace of didacticism, without the slightest intrusion of his personality or his opinions, he shows the quality, the origin, and the direction of the motives by which his characters are governed. Thus he is, in the highest sense, a moralist. He shows us the man and the ideas by which he lives and the nature of those ideas; he shows the interaction of ideas that have become flesh; he gives us drama, action, philosophy. But his method has reached its point of perfection. In some of the earlier plays these elements were not wholly fused. They are so now. "Loyalties" (Gaiety Theater) is, on its own level, an impeccable masterpiece. Galsworthy never soars; he has no sudden vision and no rapture; there is nothing of the poet in him. But what the wisest and most dedicated observation of human life, what the serenest and noblest reflection can do—that has here been consummately done.

There will be a great deal of mere partisan discussion of the play. Its very quietude will arouse heat and its exquisite justness lead to anger. The fact should therefore be pointed out at once that the right and necessary circumstance of Ferdinand De Levis being a Jew is yet not the most essential one. Limited to the observation of the society of his place and time for his choice of concrete material, Mr. Galsworthy was bound to make De Levis a Jew. But what he really attacks is the notion of mere solidarity in itself. An Englishman in China, a Buddhist among Moslems, even an American in England might have suffered a comparable fate. The merely emotional, merely cohesive forces in society are ultimately disruptive; they destroy the very fabric which they are so passionately supposed to uphold. The assumption that any man is, of his own nature and desire, an alien, an enemy, a stranger—that is the essentially anti-social one. No men can truly live together in peace until all men can do so. And that is why, at the end of his most moving action, Mr. Galsworthy lets Margaret Orme cry out: "Yes, we have kept faith! It is not enough!"

Faith is not enough. The important thing is the object of one's faith. It is, for most men, easy to love, to be angry, to act. It is hard to reflect and to refrain from the release of action. These Englishmen in "Loyalties" are amiable and, by their own standards, honorable. But those standards are, however refined and attenuated, still the standards of an embattled tribe. De Levis was wronged. Neither Winsor nor Cannyng nor the others approved that wrong or wanted it inflicted. But since it had been inflicted by one of themselves, their instinct was not to have the truth prevail and justice done but, quite like the members of some savage tribe, to huddle in closer formation, to protect the culprit, and to point their spears at the stranger's breast. That action made him a stranger. His hurt before had been at the incompleteness of his acceptance as friend, equal, brother. He felt that hurt no more. The spears had been pointed. No man desires to be a stranger or an enemy; it takes the spears to make him one.

As you sit in the playhouse the force of the fable reaches you gradually. The texture of the drama is beautifully human. It is woven of speech and action which, however severely selected, seem to have all the carelessness of nature, all the easy continuity that mark our common days. Yet the fundamental notions about which the play grew shine luminously through every word and act. Hebbel's definition of the nature of art, that it is "the visible embodiment of the infinite through the individual phenomenon," is excellently illustrated here.

The production by Mr. Basil Dean and his company is quite worthy of the play. There seem to be no mediocre London companies. They are either quite ragged and primitive or, as in the present case, capable of an evenly tempered and finely harmonious art that is not plentiful anywhere. Mr. James Dale and Mr. Charles Quartermaine bear the heaviest burden. But each member of the company seems to have identified himself not only with the character he represents but, what is far rarer, with that character's precise function in the play itself as well as in that untamed world of reality of which all drama is but a brief and faint though more continuously significant report.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

A Protest from Venezuela

THE following document, presented to the Congress of the United States, has been submitted to *The Nation* by the Comité Venezolano de Protesta in New York City.

The undersigned, members of the Venezuelan Protest Committee, organized in this city, have the honor to submit to your consideration as the representatives of a brotherly people this memorial, respectfully begging for its contents the attention that it deserves from as high a court of public opinion as that embodied by the Congress of the United States in both of its legislative branches.

Though reluctantly as to the right that may assist us for addressing this document to the National Legislature of your great republic and further ignorant of any precedents for its inspiration we, however, deem it our duty to explain fully before Pan-America the reasons why we, Venezuelans, have been unable up to the present moment to overthrow the barbarous regime obtaining in our country; a regime which to us is the shame of the Western Hemisphere. But before proceeding any further we desire to state that either personal interest or ambition to run things as "bosses" does not enter into our purpose as civilized men, inasmuch as we have preferred the hardships of exiledom rather than the official positions entailing abdication of our patriotic ideal.

Men of the learned professions as we are, there being among us lawyers, journalists, writers, professors, merchants, farmers, and artisans, we own to the sad and fatal necessity of recourse to arms on the part of the Venezuelan people as the only way out of their predicament, though it may not be aimed at the government as there is none in our country today, but to drive away from the Capitol the illiterate mob which, with the military branch in their possession at will (there is no national army in Venezuela), outrages the majesty of our constitution and respects no law in our statutes.

However, we do not wish to refer now to that feature of our problem, and only to point out to you, as members of the Congress of the United States, a new form of intervention in Venezuela, as it were, by the previous administration in the White House at Washington. When the military dictatorship which holds sway in Venezuela since 1908 overrode the constitution for the second time in 1913 the Venezuelan people rebelled against the treachery to the Republic, but they failed to defeat the personal army of the dictator Juan Vicente Gómez, inasmuch as the latter was strengthened in his usurpation of power by the imperial dictum then proclaimed by President Wilson, namely, that "no government, the outcome of bloody upheaval, could expect recognition from his administration." As far as Venezuela was concerned the dictum acted as both a promoter of revolution in government and an arrester of armed protest on the part of a healthy public opinion against oppression: the only recourse left under conditions which have closed all avenues leading to a peaceful settlement of the questions involved.

Naturally, we are aware in this connection that as Venezuela is a sovereign state President Wilson's arbitrary dictum by itself alone could not have deterred the will of her people in a matter pertaining to their domestic affairs; but it would be foolish on our part to ignore the fact that as the decision had been reached by the head of the most powerful nation on this hemisphere it, undoubtedly, meant the continued oppression of our people and the impunity of the traitor in his repeated violations of constitutional principles.

As a further interference in the internal affairs of a sovereign country we respectfully beg to point out to the gentlemen of the Congress of the United States the queer behavior of Mr. Preston McGoodwin who, while Minister at Caracas under the Wilson administration, indulged himself in a practice hitherto unknown, acting as a faithful ally to the Venezuelan tyrant, and not as the diplomat bearing credentials from the government of a highly civilized country. Certain it is that for Minister McGoodwin the protocol between nations did not mean anything during the eight years that he served at his diplomatic post, and he went so far as to uphold the usurpation of Dictator Gómez in the press of the United States, thus creating a scandal not only in Venezuela but in the whole American continent as well. Mr. McGoodwin's conduct was, indeed, the more reprehensible inasmuch as for the first time a minister of the United States saw fit to mix up in Venezuelan politics, with the further offense in his case that he vied with the official organ of the barbarian dictator the extollation of the latter's qualifications as such unconstitutional ruler.

When the world war came to an end several Venezuelan exiles went to Europe in search of the means which they had failed to get in the United States, and their astonishment knew no bounds when it dawned upon them that the governments of the European Powers looked askance at their patriotic activities, probably due to the influence of the Wilson dictum to which we referred above. Witness the indictment to which the Venezuelan exiles were submitted by the English authorities; their expulsion by the French Government, and the jailing of several of them by the Dutch Government; persecutions which closely resembled the dislodging of the Caliphs in the oil fields of Asia. To show the estimation in which the Venezuelan tyrant is held in Europe, let us recall herewith the remark made by the English judge who, in passing sentence upon the case of one of our compatriots, gave vent to his personal feelings thus: "Were I a Venezuelan I would do the same thing as you are charged with, although it seems better that you leave England to avoid complications."

The persecution of the Venezuelan exiles in Europe was undertaken in 1920, precisely the year when the Venezuelan official barbarousness as represented by Gómez was incorporated into the League of Nations; thus acknowledging that very international law which has been steadily violated by the tyrant, and which was arbitrarily carried out with the aid of the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Company, an English-Dutch concern upon which the dictator granted many fat oil concessions. In this regard it would not be amiss to call attention to the fact that the Standard Oil Company (the American Oil Trust) sees fit to call as "stable" in its reports the usurpation by Gómez, which to us cannot but be otherwise upon the light of Republican institutions. Furthermore, this same American company has declared in its reports the facility with which the section of our country where their property is located could be easily controlled politically, stating thus:

> "The government of Venezuela has been stable and solvent for many years. It has by its broadminded policy and specific legislation encouraged the entrance of large foreign capital into the development of its oil resources. *The Maracaybo Basin is ideally located for political control on account of its natural barriers.*"

What is the meaning of the above statement as to *political control?*

We earnestly believe, honorable members of the Congress of the United States, that a country like Venezuela which gave birth to the Liberator Simon Bolivar did not deserve such an unfair treatment on the part of the nations of the world: Venezuela which, not content with gaining its own liberation from Spain at a cost of three hundred and sixteen thousand lives, also aided in the freedom of Nueva Granada (now Colombia), Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, all similarly situated, and that at a time when its population was scarcely one million.

We should not forget, however, that the press of the whole American continent, including that of the United States, had

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always in their columns words of reproach for the Venezuelan despotism, and also that the several governments of the Spanish-speaking republics on the Western Hemisphere, such as those of Mexico and Costa Rica, either withdrew their ministers at Caracas (as in the first case), or refused to deal diplomatically (as in the latter case) with the barbarian known to all. Moreover, as if to cap the climax in the universal repudiation of the Venezuelan dictator, the Pan-American Labor Congress held at Mexico City in 1920 adopted a resolution which reads as follows:

"The Pan-American Labor Congress will aid in a direct manner any movement leading to the liberation of the Venezuelan people now laboring under the most irritant tyranny in America, subject to an investigation which will be made later."

To which may be added the resolution adopted at the American International Congress of Students which was held at the same Mexican city, and which was worded thus:

"The International Congress of Students resolves:

1. "To denounce and condemn the shameful tyranny imposed upon Venezuela by an illiterate and guilty minority.

2. "To beseech the full cooperation of students the world over, and specially those of the Western Hemisphere, with their Venezuelan brethren in the fight the latter are waging for justice and liberty."

Now, then, it has come to happen that the dictator has caused the framed-up body which he calls "Congress" to elect him as President for the fifth time, covering the term 1922-29. And if this were not enough the dictator has appointed his own brother as first Vice-President and one of his own sons as second Vice-President of the Republic, thus creating in the free soil of the American continent a barbarous dynasty. While his constitutional trespassings are going on, armed bands of guerrillas roam at large in Venezuela as a protest against usurpation of power, and it would be now impossible to predict that which the future may have in store for our Republic. We neither know to what extent the barbarian may have gone in his promises, nor are we aware how far he may have encumbered our national honor in all his crookedness; but one thing is certain: those of us who are acquainted with his irresponsible extraction cannot but be alarmed at his audacity.

It behooves us, therefore, to convey our fears to the representatives of the people in this English-speaking Republic, as we are also doing with those who sit at the legislative halls in the Spanish-speaking republics of the Western Hemisphere. However, it must be borne in mind, honorable gentlemen, that our aim is not to denounce the traitor once more, but to point out events from which will evolve dangers for the future of our Republic in its relations with Pan-America. Moreover, there is not in this document a single word dictated by either passion or hatred, as its only source is that patriotic anxiety with which we cannot but regard the unusual developments in our native land.

In addressing this memorial to the Congress of the United States we are encouraged by the fact that here in your hospitable midst there are also noble hearts throbbing for us in our protest; that often in your legislative halls and in the press are heard kind voices upholding righteousness in the countries subjugated by imperialism. Further, that there are also here legislators who, upon condemning conquest in the Western Hemisphere, are building the true, honest, and solid foundation of the Pan-Americanism of the future which will be more enduring than conventional formalities. It cannot be gainsaid that such men as these will be heroes in history as they represent the past and future American international ethics—that of the forefathers of your Republic, Washington and Lincoln. . . .

Purposedly we do not wish to refer to the official crimes committed against life, property, and the institutions in Venezuela because they are too well known to require description. Such crimes have been the subject of elaborate presentation in the public prints, and there is hardly a public man in this hemisphere who is not familiar with their minutest details. We would, also, overlook the closing of the Caracas University; the persecution of the students; the absolute suppression of such newspapers as would express their opinions untrammeled by the despot's subsidy; and the incarceration of thousands of our compatriots in dungeons where the majority of them died an untimely death through inquisitorial tortures, because their narration would entail a comprehensive story of the army of banditti which have made possible the success of the barbarian dictator. . . .

Fully cognizant as we are of the step we have taken in addressing this memorial to the highest court of public opinion in this Republic as embodied in her National Legislature, we are confident that our patriotic appeal will find a ready echo amongst all its members. America at large is well aware that nothing can stop the noble impulse, nay, the burning indignation of the patriot, so they are directed at universal injustice. We seek your sympathy, moreover, because as the representatives of the people you have been placed in an advantageous position to interpret the protocol, and also because your preeminence enables you to gather the facts which will mold your attitude toward our democracies; democracies which are convulsive, it is true, but full of promise, nevertheless. . . .

As a final request in the hour of trial for the Venezuelan people, we respectfully beg the reading of this document before the members of both houses of the Congress of the United States, to the end that it may be a matter of record for future reference.

We beg to remain, in the brotherly love of the nations on the Western Hemisphere,

Very respectfully yours,

Rafael Bruzual-Lopez, Doctor of Laws of the Universidad Central of Venezuela; member of the Caracas Bar (Colegio de Abogados), and author.

Torcuato Ortega Martinez, civil engineer.

Carlos Benito Figueredo, dean of the National Venezuelan Press.

Manuel Jove, Venezuelan farmer.

Juan Antonio Padilla, professor and Venezuelan judicial solicitor.

Pedro Fortoul Hurtado, Venezuelan author.

Amador Cruz, formerly president of the General Association of Workingmen and Artisans of Venezuela; Venezuelan delegate and vice-president of the New York Assistant Committee to the Federation of Labor.

Galo S. Bremont, Doctor of Medicine of the Universidad Central of Venezuela.

Antonio Bremont, Venezuelan merchant.

Jose Heriberto Lopez, Venezuelan writer.

Augusto F. Pulido, Venezuelan diplomat.

Why Haiti Had No Elections

Le Nouvelliste, long the chief newspaper supporter of the American military occupation in Haiti, recently published the correspondence, hitherto kept secret, between the American Government and the Haitian Government regarding the Haitian proposal to hold elections in January, 1922. It should be recalled that the Dartiguenave Government in Haiti, to which reference is made in these notes, entered office as a result of American military pressure at the beginning of the occupation in 1915, and that no elections have yet been held. The following American notes are translated from *Le Nouvelliste* for July 15 and July 16, 1922:

The First American Note

The Secretary of State presents his compliments to the Min-

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Lincoln; By Friend and Foe
Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems—Keats
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Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Stevenson
Birds—John Burroughs
The Social Contract—Rousseau
Miggles and Other Stories—Bret Harte
As a Man Thinketh—Allen
Man Without a Country—Hale
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Courtship of Miles Standish—Longfellow

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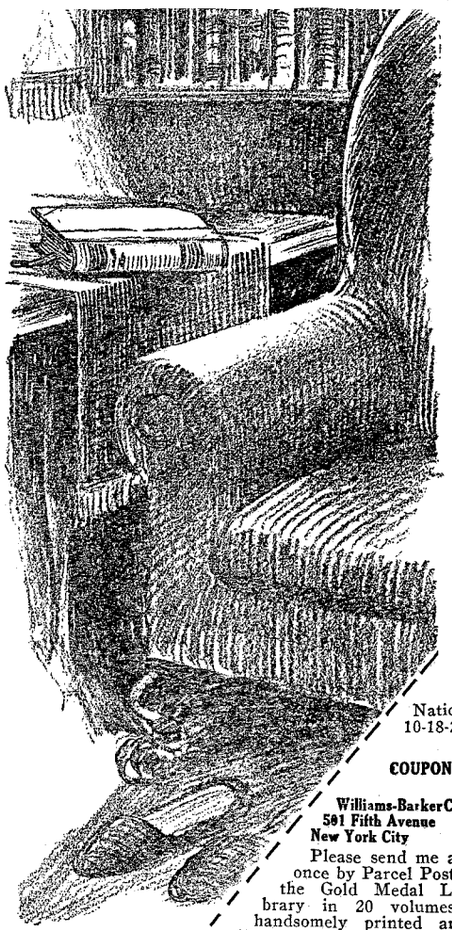

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ister of Haiti and has the honor to acknowledge receipt of his note of July 2, 1921, transmitting, in accordance with instructions from the Haitian Government, a note addressed by that Government to the Government of the United States under date of June 10, 1921. The Secretary of State requests the Minister of Haiti to transmit the following reply to the note from the Haitian Government:

The Government of the United States of America has given most careful consideration to the note of the Haitian Government dated June 10, 1921, by which that Government declares that it considers it to be its duty to recall to the Government of the United States certain provisions of the present Constitution of Haiti and to ask its cooperation in measures to apply them. The articles recited by the Haitian Government are articles 41, 42, 43, and 44, which define the powers and duties of the National Assembly, and the Haitian Government calls particular attention to the provisions of these articles, which concern the election of the President of the Republic by the National Assembly. The Haitian Government also refers to Article C of the transitory provisions of the Constitution, which provides that the first elections of members of the legislative body after adoption of the present Constitution will take place on January 10 of a year of even date. The year will be fixed by decree by the President of the Republic and published at least three months before the meeting of the primary assemblies.

The Haitian Government states further that the President of Haiti did not consider it desirable in October, 1919, in view of the situation at that time, to exercise the power conferred upon him by paragraph 2 of the article cited. The Haitian Government also calls attention to the fact that since no legislative chambers exist, the legislative functions are being exercised and have been exercised since 1917, in accordance with the Constitution, by a Council of State composed of twenty-one members. The Haitian Government believes that if no unforeseen circumstance arises which would seem to threaten disorder it would be fitting for the President of Haiti to set January 10, 1922, for the next eletcion of the legislative chambers, and it declares that in order to facilitate the loyal execution of the [Haitian-American] Convention of September 16, 1915, it is important that the legislative assembly should be composed of men animated by a desire to carry on government pacifically, not of professional politicians who offer no guaranty of morality or of patriotism. Hence the Haitian Government asks that the Government of the United States give it frank cooperation in the legislative elections, which in its opinion should consist in joint action of the two governments, that of the Haitian Government consisting in giving aid and assistance by every means at its command to the candidates which seem to it worthy of election, and that of the Government of the United States consisting in guaranteeing order and in supporting these candidates in so far as that is in its power.

In reply to this communication the Government of the United States desires, first of all, to assure the Government of Haiti once more of its lively desire to cooperate in every appropriate manner with the Haitian Government to develop the prosperity and maintain the tranquillity of Haiti. It is the firm conviction of the Government of the United States that the ends which the two governments seek can only be obtained by supporting in every possible manner the maintenance in the republic of a stable constitutional government. Such a government should be based upon free and loyal elections in which the body of electors could participate without pressure of any sort. It seems to the Government of the United States that it would act contrary to its contractual obligations and to its sincere friendship for the people of Haiti if the American Occupation of the Republic of Haiti should sustain the holding of elections in which the duly qualified voters were not permitted to cast their votes without intimidation or the pressure of contrary influences, the result of which would not be the freely expressed opinion of the majority of the voters.

Nevertheless, in case the President of Haiti considers it necessary to set the next legislative elections for January 10, 1922, the Government of the United States, in accordance with its obligations as expressed in the Convention of September 16, 1915, will cooperate with the Haitian Government to maintain peace in the republic and to prevent any disorder, but it cannot consent, for the reasons expressed above, to the holding of elections in the Republic of Haiti the result of which would be determined in any other manner than by the freely expressed will of the Haitian people.

Washington, September 2, 1921

The Second Note

By order of the Secretary of State of the United States, the American Minister has the honor of informing his Excellency the President of the Republic of Haiti that the view of the Department regarding the request of the Haitian Government to cooperate with it to assure the election to the Legislative Assembly of candidates satisfactory to the Haitian Government is expressed clearly in its communication dated September 2, made through the Haitian Minister at Washington.

The American Minister is further instructed to inform His Excellency the President of Haiti that if in consequence he feels that it is important that the legislative elections should take place prior to January 10, 1922, the Government of the United States, while it will aid the Haitian Government to maintain order, will insist that no undue influence should be exercised by the Haitian executive authority upon the result of the elections. The Department of State recognizes that the present conditions in Haiti probably are not favorable to absolutely free elections because of the ignorance and illiteracy of the majority of the electors. Similarly it regrets that it must come to the conclusion that *if elections should occur without governmental action, the result would probably be the establishment of a national legislature with largely anti-American sentiments.* It is to be considered that the election of such a legislature would render more difficult the efforts of the Government of the United States to cooperate in the realization of a fruitful policy, looking toward development of the economic and political life of the republic.

Hence the Department does not consider it necessary to recommend to the President of Haiti that he order legislative elections for January 10, 1922, as he is authorized to do by the Constitution. In view of present conditions in Haiti the Department would have no objection if the President of Haiti should once more refrain from convoking the electors of the national legislature, thus leaving it to the Council of State to elect his successor, as is authorized by the transitory provisions of the present Constitution in case no legislative body exists.

Port au Prince, September 21, 1922

The fifth article in Oswald Garrison Villard's series on American newspapers will discuss the New York World, *and will appear in next week's issue of* The Nation. *Articles on the* Christian Science Monitor *and other papers are in preparation.*

The next article in the series These United States, *to appear in* The Nation *of November 1, will be* Michigan: The Fordizing of a Pleasant Peninsula, *by Leonard Lanson Cline.*

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